NOTES AND COMMENTS

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A New Particle of Matter

THE word "atom", literally signifying that which cannot be cut or divided, might well be discarded by physicists. In the sense in which they still use it, it is misleading; for the "atom" of modern science is not an indivisible unit but a congeries of corpuscles. These infinitesimal entities—protons, electrons, positrons, neutrons, etc.—are related to the atom as a whole as the cells of an organism are related to the living body as a whole. They are, as it were, organs or parts of a larger entity and may be detached from it. Although they are said to differ widely in mass and structure and function, it is quite impossible to visualize them, to imagine what they would look like if they could be sufficiently magnified for us to see them with our bodily eyes. An electron, for instance, can only be described by a series of apparent contradictions. It is both a clot of matter and a charge of negative electricity; it is both a particle and a wavicle; it occupies a given position and also takes up the whole of space. The disinterested spectator is sometimes tempted to believe that the physical atom, with all its contents, is nothing but a mathematical phantom, incapable of existence outside the scientific intellect.

The electron itself may be as unsubstantial as a dream, but the facts which it is alleged to explain are concrete enough. Ever since the discovery of radioactivity and transmutation, it has been manifest that the ultimate constitution of matter is not as simple as the nineteenth century materialists fancied it to be. As Madame Blavatsky suggested fifty years ago, matter and radiation, substance and force, cannot be separated. She pointed out, for example, that the definition of light as a vibration in some hypothetical ether is inadequate; that physical light is the visible emanation or projection of a substance which in its proper nature is invisible and incomprehensible to us because we have not developed the "sixth sense" which responds to it. Strange as it may seem, contemporary physicists have reached a similar conclusion. In order to explain the "universe of light" which surrounds and pervades our physical world, it

has been necessary to postulate forms of matter which are quite inconceivable, inasmuch as they bear little or no resemblance to any of the forms within the range of our sensation or imagination.

We should not be surprised or shocked, if at least one new "fundamental particle" of matter were "discovered" each year. The latest of these revelations occurred at the April meeting of the American Physical Society. Certain very ingenious experiments with the so-called "cosmic rays" have convinced Drs. J. C. Street and E. C. Stevenson of Harvard that at least 80 per cent of this radiation reaching sea level is composed of corpuscles of a type hitherto unrecognized. We quote from *The New York Times*, April 30, 1937.

> The particles, it was stated by Professor H. A. Bothe of Cornell University, may be a fundamental atomic entity that does not occur at all on the earth, constituting a cosmic wanderer from an entirely different world, where matter is differently fashioned than in our own corner of the cosmos. Ever since the discovery of the cosmic rays, the most penetrating form of radiant energy so far observed in the universe, leading scientists have attempted to determine their nature. One school held that they were primarily photons, resembling light, X-rays and gamma rays from radium. The other school held that they were largely composed of the same type of electrical particles of which all matter in the universe is constituted, namely electrons and protons, which are, respectively, the atomic particles carrying definite units of negative and positive electricity. . . . It turns out that fully 80 per cent of the most penetrating components of the cosmic ray, namely, those so powerful that they can penetrate the earth's atmosphere to reach sea level, is definitely not photons, but neither is it protons or electrons, or anything else known on earth or so far observed throughout the vastness of the cosmos. In fact, nobody knows what the particles are, except that they are fundamental and that they carry a unit of electrical charge equal in magnitude to that of the electron or proton. The charges on those observed so far have all been negative. . . . It is in their mass that these new particles differ from the electron, the proton and the positron, the three other electrically charged fundamental building blocks of matter. They are heavier than the electron but much lighter than the proton.

Visible and Invisible Nature

"The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." The mode of substance which we call physical matter is a local and transitory phenomenon in the great universe. The immeasurable reaches of interstellar space seem to be literally "formed of radiance", *augoeidēs*,—if we may borrow the term used by Philo of Alexandria to serve as a name of the manifested Divinity. A physical body, whether it be a star or an atom, appears to be nothing but a modification or limitation of the universal radiance, emerging for an instant from the "ocean of light" and then receding into its unfathomable depths. Thus "force" crystallizes into "matter", and "matter" dissolves into "force". Such is the view of Nature, the *imago mundi*, suggested by the recent experiments and speculations of physicists and astronomers. It is interesting that the most advanced scientific theories concerning the constitution of matter can actually be illustrated by a quotation from St. Paul. *As far as they go*, in certain aspects, they resemble the occult hypothesis mentioned in *The Secret Doctrine*,—that real or *root*-matter is not an object of mortal perception; that there is a fundamental difference "between *manifested* and *unmani-*

fested Matter, between Pradhana, the beginningless and endless cause, and Prakriti, or the manifested effect" (ed. 1893, I, 595).

One Great Barrier to Scientific Progress

However, it is only too evident that these modern theories do not go very far. They take us to the boundaries of the invisible, and there they stop. The physicist is compelled to admit that matter can exist in forms so unlike those which we experience through our senses that we cannot imagine them. He can conceive of no method of representing them other than that of the higher mathematics which is specially designed for the logical development of concepts based upon axioms or postulates that are in themselves contradictory or unintelligible. Doubtless, mathematical invention has a definite place among the activities of the human intelligence. Not infrequently, as in the science of electrodynamics, it may greatly stimulate the imagination and guide the experiments of the laboratory physicist. But it is necessary to realize that mathematics *per se* can never reveal the veritable nature of anything. There is only one way truly to understand a thing, and that is to experience it. Why does the visible and transient seem more intelligible to the average mortal than the invisible and enduring? Because he is in constant contact with the visible; because it is the persistent object of his senses and provides the forms of his imagination. Concentrating upon the activities of the body, identifying himself with the body, he erects a barrier between the visible and the invisible, a barrier which only he can destroy.

One great obstacle to scientific progress to-day is this deep-seated habit of regarding the things which are seen as more concrete, more actual, than the things which are not seen. Therefore, although men of science recognize in the abstract that the subtile substance within physical matter is more lasting, more fundamental, than physical matter itself, in the concrete they know only the physical, and conceive of the subtile only in so far as it impinges upon or overflows into the physical. What is needed is the development of a new sense which will bring direct perception of the substance which is "formed of radiance". Why must we assume that our little gamut of sense-experience includes the whole range of the possibilities of objective consciousness? We have not even fully developed the physical senses which we have. Certain insects, for instance, *see* infra-red or ultra-violet colours to which we are blind.

The Kabalists taught that above or within the outer body or "shell" of the cosmos, there is a series of "worlds"—astral, archetypal, spiritual, divine—each with its characteristic inhabitants and states of matter. Moreover, they proclaimed the accessibility of these inner spheres, affirming that he who follows to the end the proper course of training can discover their reality for himself and learn their nature at first hand. In other words, invisible Nature can be made visible, the abstract can be made concrete, the inconceivable can be made conceivable. "There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial." What appears immaterial and metaphysical at one stage of evolution, may appear material and physical at another. In one sense, it might be said that the conver-

sion of the divine and spiritual into the objective and actual is the subject-matter of occultism.

The Extension of Vision

What the modern scientist utterly fails to understand, is that our experience of Nature is conditioned by our moral and spiritual development. The course of training to which the ancient Kabalists referred, is not merely intellectual. It is a training of the will as well as of the mind; above all, it is a training of the heart, involving the purgation and transformation of the whole emotional nature. The Albigensian mystics aptly called it the *gai savoir*, the "gay science", the art of spiritual love. Before we can enter into the invisible cosmos and dwell there, we must fall in love with the source of our real life, with the Higher Self, the Heavenly Father, the Master, who reigns in that unseen world and who is the perfect embodiment of its laws. We read in *Through the Gates of Gold:*

> The man who is strong, who has resolved to find the unknown path, takes with the utmost care every step. He utters no idle word, he does no unconsidered action, he neglects no duty or office however homely or however difficult. But while his eyes and hands and feet are thus fulfilling their tasks, new eyes and hands and feet are being born within him. For his passionate and unceasing desire is to go that way on which the subtile organs only can guide him. . . . This state is possible to man while yet he lives in the physical; for men have attained it while living. It alone can make actions in the physical divine and true (pp. 99, *seq*).

One may infer, that the scientist must remain indefinitely at the threshold of the invisible unless he extends his vision and thereby makes visible what is now invisible. And he can accomplish this extension only by transforming himself, by making himself over in the image of the *augoeidēs*, of that which is "formed of radiance". Becoming himself a centre of radiant, creative consciousness, all the radiance in Nature which is cognate to him will become as objective, as *sensible* as the simplest physical form is now to any of us. But until he achieves this self-transformation, until he has engendered within himself the characteristics of the worlds *within* the physical, how can those worlds ever mean anything more to him than a mathematical formula?

According to the theosophical doctrine of "cosmogenesis", the evolution of matter at every point in space proceeds *pari passu* with the evolution of spirit or consciousness. Each great cycle or Round, is said to develop "a nature and a humanity in what may be spoken of as one aspect of Nature". Thus gradually, through the long succession of ages, the Elements and the creatures which live in and by them have been brought to their present stage of unfoldment; nor is there the slightest reason to believe that the exfoliation of the invisible into the visible has come to an end.

> The qualities, or what is perhaps the best available term, the characteristics of matter, must clearly bear a direct relation always to the senses of man. Matter has extension, colour, motion (molecular motion), taste and smell, corresponding to the existing senses of man, and the next characteristic it develops—let us call it for the moment "Permeability"—will correspond to the next sense of man, which we may call "Normal Clair-

voyance". . . . It will only be in the next, or Fifth, Round that the fifth Element, Ether—the gross body of Akasha, if it can be called even that—will, by becoming a familiar fact of Nature to all men, as Air is familiar to us now, cease to be, as at present, hypothetical. . . . And only during that Round will those higher senses, the growth and development of which Akasha subserves, be susceptible of a complete expansion. As already indicated, a *partial* familiarity with the characteristic of matter—Permeability—which should be developed concurrently with the sixth sense, may be expected to develop at the proper period in this Round. But with the next Element added to our resources, in the next Round, Permeability will become so manifest a characteristic of matter, that the densest forms of this Round will seem to man's perceptions as obstructive as a thick fog, and no more (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 272, 278).

The evolution of matter and spirit are thus represented as inseparable aspects of a single undivided process. According to our measure of time, it is a gradual progression, requiring for its fulfilment hundreds of billions of years. But it is a tenet of Theosophy that the individual need not wait until greater love and wisdom and power *come to him*, as to others, in the ordinary course of nature. By devotion and determined, unselfish effort, he can seize his heritage, at least in part, here and now, reaching, far in advance of the majority, the goal which is reserved in some distant future for humanity as a whole.

Man and His Environment

From these broad cosmological principles certain practical corollaries may be deduced. If the cosmic Elements and the forms of matter be the objective counterparts of the forms of spirit, the environment in which any individual or group of individuals is placed at any given moment, invariably reflects the qualities of the consciousness of the individual or group. The environment, of course, includes all the circumstances of existence, physical and psychic, economic and social and cultural.

In Hindu philosophy there is frequent reference to *Kundalini Shakti*, "the universal life-principle which everywhere manifests in Nature. . . . This is the power which brings about that 'continuous adjustment of *internal relations to external relations*,' which is the essence of life according to Herbert Spencer, and that 'continuous adjustment of *external relations to internal relations*', which is the basis of transmigration of souls . . . in the doctrines of the ancient Hindu philosophers" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 312).

The modern mind can understand how and why the creature must adapt itself to its environment. Much stress is laid by biologists upon adaptability to external relations as the first requisite of success in the struggle for existence, the fittest who survive being the organisms which adjust themselves most adequately to surrounding conditions. It is less easy to conceive of the way in which the creature actually moulds and changes the environment to suit its varying needs. Certainly civilized man acts definitely enough upon the physical world, altering the aspect of the earth by means of his arts and sciences, turning deserts into gardens and gardens into deserts. Civilized man, therefore, lives partly in an environment of his own making, but life under such artificial conditions tends to become increasingly difficult, and at last in-

supportable, for neither body nor soul can adapt itself to an existence which contradicts both natural and spiritual law.

The "continuous adjustment of external relations to internal relations", is a more subtile action. Its mechanism, its *modus operandi*, is largely hidden from us, for it is the expression of a creative power which few, indeed, use consciously. As the above quotation suggests, it is the basis of reincarnation and karma, of re-birth and liberation. We may identify it with the mysterious agency which selects the time, the place, the family in which a child is born, which gives the body its life and personality, working always to hasten the hour when a sound mind in a sound body will receive and respond to an incarnating soul. We may identify its action also with our physical separation from an environment as the result of having become completely detached from it interiorly. Ceasing either to love or to hate it, and, instead, cheerfully accepting it, an environment literally drops off.

How many people in the modern world attach significance to the fact that they are placed by Nature in one geographical, economic and social situation, rather than another? Most of us spend our lives moving or trying to move, literally and figuratively, from place to place. We are obsessed by the notion that if we could only be somewhere else our lives would be both happier and more brilliant. Or, if we cannot move about, we have the impulse to change the appearance of our environment, so that we may at least have the illusion of being elsewhere. All this restlessness would seem to be a perversion of Kundalini, "the universal life-principle". It may be assumed that it is the mission of the incarnating soul to transform the personality and the body with which it is brought into contact; that by so doing it will inevitably, though more slowly, transform the whole environment which encompasses it. But such a change must take place *from within outwards*, first inwardly and subjectively, then externally and objectively, following the lines of exfoliation invariably traced by Nature in all her works. From one point of view, our native environment, whether it be a palace or a slum, is divinely ordained, first to stimulate the soul to embody itself, and then to be itself transmuted into a more appropriate abode for the soul.

The Improvement of Social Conditions

The existence of social evils and maladjustments, of desperate poverty coexisting with the vulgar display of wealth, is a persistent commentary upon the failure of the vast majority of mankind to evolve beyond an elemental stage of consciousness. The few who have perfected themselves, the Masters, are said to remain near at hand, to postpone indefinitely their own individual progress, because they cannot contemplate without anguish the blind wanderings of "the great orphan, Humanity". They are ready for any sacrifice, if thereby they can lift some of the burden of Karma from the races of men. As they themselves have testified, what they need most of all is a following in the world. They need disciples, living among men, but absolutely devoted to the Masters' purposes. As has been said so often, a growing body of disciples, in the world

but not of the world, constitutes a channel through which "the universal life-principle", represented by the Masters, can pass downwards and outwards, rightly adjusting external relations to internal relations.

A student of Theosophy ventures to suggest that practically all the panaceas of economists and social reformers, of which we hear so much to-day, are as unsubstantial as a vacuum. And why? Because whatever may be their other merits, they take no cognizance of spiritual law or of spiritual ends. They fail to show the least comprehension of the only way in which enduring social amelioration can be brought about, which is, by creating within the undifferentiated body of society a stable nucleus of noble and enlightened *individuals*. Reformers habitually begin at the wrong end, where mankind has begun and failed so many times before. They are always trying to alter the environment without altering human nature and, first of all, their own natures. This is not remarkable when it is recalled how many of them have derived their inspiration from Karl Marx.

An illustration of this modernistic delusion is offered by a recent pronouncement by Professor John Dewey of Columbia University. Addressing a convocation of the American College of Physicians, he proposed that the old phrase, "a sound mind in a sound body" should be changed to "a sound human being in a sound human environment". He argued that the change in aims and methods which would be necessary to achieve such an ideal "would mean more than most of us can estimate". By a "sound environment" Professor Dewey meant in particular, as the context makes clear, the social conditions which produce "reasonably happy human beings". All this sounds innocent and amiable enough, until one remembers that Professor Dewey delivered his speech en route from Mexico City where he had served on a committee formed to determine whether Trotzky is as bad as Stalin says he is. Anyone addicted to that sort of futility must have strange ideas concerning the nature of reasonable happiness.

Indeed, Professor Dewey is a typical representative of the *intelligentzia*, of the caste of "intellectuals" who are limited to relatively harmless pursuits during the more healthy phases of national cycles, but who become active and prominent during periods of economic or social confusion. The *philosophes* of the eighteenth century, dreaming of the "rights of man", also professed that their goal was the reasonable happiness of the human race; but the environment which their "idealism" finally produced was certainly not what most of them had expected. It was the Reign of Terror, the dreadful Karma of which still weighs upon the soul of France. To-day, Professor Dewey and his companions may generally be found on the so-called left or radical side in every controversy which involves the basic principles of civilization. Most of them are utterly illogical when they express opposition to Nazi or Fascist standards, for the regulation of happiness, as they conceive it, implies a totalitarian state which would decree and enforce the redistribution of wealth, the control of prices and wages, the regimentation of social relationships, the suppression of what is individual and spontaneous in religion and education, in

science and art. That is what they want, if we may judge by what they say. What they will get is another matter. The student of history can draw his own conclusions.

The point is that Theosophy does clearly reveal the distinction between an unsound and a sound environment. Nothing outside Paranirvana is ideal, but everyone born into the world is wise to assume that the environment where he is placed by Nature is sound. This truth is accepted as axiomatic by the disciple who sees the hand of the Master in every event, great or small; but why should one doubt that the ordinary man, or the bad man, or even the devil clothed in human shape, is equally placed in the best of all possible settings for his ultimate transformation—or for his ultimate elimination, since Nature labours to destroy as well as to upbuild?

The state where one is placed by Nature is easily discovered. It is the state, exalted or mediocre or lowly, where one is detained by duty, by loyalty, by responsibility to others, by common-sense. In contrast to the jargon of economists and psychiatrists, these remarks may sound like platitudes; but that may be because so few ever really try to test them in daily life. It seems so much simpler to change the state of Nature to suit our desires of the moment, to cure squalor and filth by tearing down old tenements and building new ones, to make everyone rich by confiscating the assets of all who are not yet bankrupt, to increase wisdom by multiplying the facilities of free education. But sordidness, destitution and ignorance cannot be removed by outward means alone. When the general consciousness of mankind becomes pure, deep, enlightened, then, and not before, the Golden Age will return, social problems will cease to exist, and, incidentally, such a thing as "social-mindedness" will be inconceivable. Meanwhile, whenever we attempt forcibly to alter "external relations" without reference to "internal relations", all that can be accomplished is a temporary dislocation. Sooner or later, Nature re-asserts itself and moves towards the restoration of the lost equilibrium. This process of readjustment has been defined as an aspect of Karma. It reveals one of the meanings of pain. "Suffering is instruction", remarked an ancient sage. It brings proof that a beneficent power, greater than our self-will, is affecting our consciousness.

The Power of Regeneration

It has long been known that the principle of readjustment operates in vegetable and animal tissues to replace as far as possible any part which has been lost or mutilated. The simplest example of this regeneration in the animal body is the healing of a slight cut in the skin. By some method which the biological mechanists are altogether unable to explain, the little wound is healed, a new skin grows over it, and the original pattern is restored with no sign that it had ever been disrupted. Among the lower animals the faculty of self-repair is much more developed. If a sponge be minced and the resulting mixture be forced through a cloth filter, drops of the debris, under proper conditions, will grow into new sponges. Remarkable possibilities are opened up, when one reflects upon this organic law. It explains, for example, the growth of the

scion upon the stock in plant grafting. The horticulturist takes advantage of the healing force of Nature. It is now evident that the science of "grafting" can also be practised upon animals, and at the annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences it was suggested that within a century biology may be able to produce "complete new individuals from any part of another individual." This was the signal for the popularizers of science to hint that the time may come when the individual who has grown tired of his body will build himself a new one and move into it. To be fair, this idea was not seriously put forward by any official biologist.

However, Professor Oscar Schotte of Amherst College reported some remarkable experiments, illustrating once more the eccentricity—to use a mild word—of the scientific imagination. He planted bits of embryonic tissue in living animals, and observed that these tissues developed in their hosts the organs which they would have normally developed in the course of embryonic growth. They even stimulated the growth of sets of neighbouring organs which had been supposed to lie outside their zone of influence. Thus, after removing a tadpole's tail which would have resprouted at once if left alone, Professor Schotte "grafted" upon the injured tissue "seeds" from the "head-region" of the egg. The tail stopped growing, and a new head appeared in its place. We have gone into these painful details, because they exemplify what is, in our opinion, a characteristic attitude of the scientific mind towards the mysteries of Nature. Although the man of science is trained to observe with care and to measure with exactitude, too often he seems to be impelled by some inner demon to miss and to distort the sense of what he sees.

The universal power of regeneration is not merely the force which repairs the body from instant to instant. It is the efficient cause of evolution itself, reproducing the same organic pattern in an ascending series of species, in ever more subtile form. If we really understood and worked with it, we might indeed build for ourselves new and better minds and bodies. We might regain a power which the lower orders have not entirely lost, and which was, according to theosophical science, the normal possession of the first semi-ethereal human races.

> This is the mysterious process of the transformation and evolution of mankind. The material of the first forms . . . was drawn or absorbed into, and thus became the complement of the Forms of the Second Race. . . . The Race *never died*. Its "Men" melted gradually away, becoming absorbed in the bodies of their own "Sweat-born" progeny, more solid than their own. The old Form vanished and was absorbed by, disappeared in, the new Form, more human and physical. There was no death in those days of a period more blissful than the Golden Age; but the first, or parent, material was used for the formation of the new being, to form the Body and even the inner or lower Principles or Bodies of the progeny (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 128).

Certainly we shall not be co-operating with Nature, if we bring into existence a shoal of monsters with duplicate or displaced organs. A tadpole with a head at each end actually reminds one of the "bright new worlds" and "managed economies" of the social reformers who have an uncontrolled propensity for putting heads where tails ought to be, and vice versa. Unfortunately, the

production of two-headed tadpoles is worse than futile; it is, in essence, like all kinds of vivisection, a sin against Nature, an infraction of the law of the unity of life. Man, the custodian of the earth, has positively no right to use even tadpoles as subjects of cruel or grotesque experiment. The knowledge which he acquires by such means will return to plague him some day.

The Causes of Social Strife

The psychiatrist has to a great extent taken the place of the priest in the modern world, especially, it would seem, in the great cities of the United States. The unfortunate go to him for help and comfort. He is compelled by professional duty to play the rôle of mentor to the human soul. Such a task demands the exercise of such exalted powers of mind and heart that only a Master can perform it perfectly. Does the psychiatrist reveal any sense of the overwhelming responsibility which he has assumed?

Without doubt, there are all kinds and conditions of psychiatrists. Some are little better than the Freudian psychoanalysts, as anyone can judge by the coarse materialism which colours all that they say and write. Many are good and sincere men, dedicated to the purpose of relieving human pain, and often gifted with the intuition which is born of sympathy. Nevertheless, even the best of them are handicapped by their education. Their view of human nature is conditioned by an arbitrary and artificial classification of its component parts. No one can use their terminology without confusing his mind. Moreover, there is no place for the soul in their system. The higher qualities of man are generally defined as "emergences" from the primitive and the unconscious, when they are not cynically dismissed as the survivals of the taboos of savages. There is practically no recognition of the validity of spiritual and mystical experience which testifies to the duality of human nature as at present constituted, this duality being the effect of the blending of two streams of consciousness in man, the animal and the divine. But how can anyone effectively aid the souls of men, if he does not even believe that a soul exists?

The limitations of psychiatry are revealed in a recent address by Dr. C. Macfie Campbell before the American Psychiatric Association. He suggested that the psychiatrist could find the causes of social unrest and labour troubles in the frustration of individual satisfactions under modern conditions. Much that he had to say is of interest and value; but this only brings out more clearly the insufficiency of his diagnosis.

> In his patients the psychiatrist may see the importance of lack of status, of a feeling of inferiority, of frustration, of self-expression, of dehumanized personal human relations, boredom, envy, depressive preoccupations. When these responses of the individual life are subject to the astounding amplification observed in group phenomena, a community is divided against itself, labour unrest and class war take the place of friendly social co-operation. For the solution of these problems, or for the amelioration of the situation, a clear grasp of the human factors is essential. . . . In labour conflicts, where the discussion is officially about hours and wages or forms of organization, the urge for power in the protagonists of the two sides, the results of early conditioning, of

unresolved conflicts, of present tensions, may have much to do with the intransigent attitude which foments trouble, neglects friendly approaches; while the response of the less articulate members of the group can only be understood if we know the actual conditions of their life and are sensitive to the needs of human nature and the results of its frustration. The insight into the laws of human nature gained by the psychiatrist is of practical importance for the conduct of every human life. . . . In the muddled state of human affairs, blind, instinctive and unconscious forces will continue to be operative, but it is our task to see that rational considerations play an increasingly important rôle. Foremost among these considerations is sound knowledge of the component forces of human nature and of the forces at play in group life.

We do not doubt that in very large measure the world-wide disturbances of to-day may be traced to frustration. But frustration of what? There are innumerable forces of human nature which seek expression in envy, vanity, sensuality, arrogance, ambition, and the like. These forces are always frustrated to some extent; otherwise any sort of human life on any terms would be impossible. But few people have the character to discipline themselves, to check their own "self-expression", and this beneficent function is performed by the karmic law adjusting internal to external relations. The environment in which we are cast, saves us from sudden and irrevocable insanity.

However, there is one type of frustration which is prevalent to-day and which is indeed responsible for our woes. It is the frustration of the soul and its growth. Doubtless, many human entities, perhaps the vast majority, have not evolved to the stage where the soul ceases to be a mere potentiality and becomes a living reality; but Nature respects the potential as well as the actual. If the universe exists for purposes of soul, any deviation from this general direction of evolution, at any point, must be regarded as vain and evil. What right have we to expect that we can escape disorder, anarchy and decay, if we frustrate the purposes of soul?

Thus the psychiatrist, dwelling upon the evils of repression, does not rightly understand, in our opinion, that there is a right and a wrong repression. Too often, the repression which he condemns is the natural and proper check imposed by the physical and social environment upon the exuberance of the animal personality. In so far as this lower personality is released from its inhibitions, the growth of the spiritual consciousness, the real man, is checked. Therefore, whatever solution there may be to the labour problem, it can only be found upon terms favourable to the soul. Certainly there must be an appeal to the reason; but the reason alone can achieve nothing. It can only act upon the data provided by experience or by fancy. However, all men except the wholly depraved are capable of some response to the demands of "immaterial" ideals,—loyalty, honour, self-sacrifice. But to be really effective, these demands must be presented by leaders who themselves embody loyalty, honour, self-sacrifice. In this way, and not otherwise, the world-religions were born. And does not a religion die when its adherents cease to incarnate the truths which they preach? What the modern man needs beyond anything else is a religion, a renewed belief, however crude, in the superior reality of an invisible, immaterial world. If psychiatrists truly understood the problem, they

would have no other objective than to lead the men of the occident back to the religion which is native to them. They would labour day and night to make themselves true exemplars of the doctrine of the Master Christ.

Faith in an Orderly Way of Life

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is everyone that is born of the spirit."

Men needlessly strain themselves in the vain effort to create by their own efforts,—as if of themselves, with their own power, they could invent anything whatsoever. It is the universal Spirit, the *Mysterium Magnum*, which creates in man as it creates in Nature. All that we can do is to make ready our natures for the reception of the Spirit. The ancient Chinese well understood this simple law. As their scriptures so often affirm, the dignity of the human being depends upon the measure of his awareness that he participates in an existence infinitely greater than his own; that his acts only have value in so far as they are responses to intimations of the Master-Soul, the Tao, the Great Nature, from which he cannot separate himself in thought without being overtaken by sterility and death.

It is pleasant to know that the soul of China has not wholly withdrawn from that land of tragedy. Mr. George E. Sokolsky, writing in the *New York Herald-Tribune* (April 19, 1937), speaks of an experience which awakens memories of the Zen teachers, of the *Analects*, of the *Tao-Teh-King*.

> I once visited a Buddhist monastery on an island of the Yangtze River off Soochow. The abbot was a most unusual man, learned, keenly understanding. I see his red beard before me as I write, the round, full Chinese face in a red beard. Not the red of the Scandinavians, but a different red, which one occasionally meets among Chinese. He and I were worried about the revolutions and the civil wars and the slaughter of human beings to improve their lot. And we could not understand how it was making life better for them to kill them off and rape their women and sell their girls into slavery. And he led me to the southern tip of the island, and there the Yangtze swishes about the rocks with swiftness, and he told me to sit and to listen to the river. And he said that if I would learn to think of nothing, the sound of the river would wash my brain. . . . And at first I thought that he was a superstitious priest, but I tried what he said. And in time I learned to let the swish of the river carry me away with it and it did wash my brain. For it came to me there on Chin Shan that we rush on like the Yangtze and we make a great noise, but the rocks stay in their place and do not move. And when we shall have ceased to make our noises, the rocks will still be there. And the strongest of rocks is faith in an orderly way of life.

"Faith in an orderly way of life",—or, as a student of Theosophy would say, faith in life designed by a Master Designer, which provides the ideal means, at every stage, for the attainment of life's, and therefore of its Designer's, purpose.

Misery begins when the Designer's purpose is ignored that self-will may be gratified. Misery culminates when, as the fruit of self-assertion, we lose faith in the existence, even, of a divine Designer. Real happiness begins when we align our wills with the Designer's Will. It culminates when we meet him face to face.

FRAGMENTS

THE air is full of Voices these days for all who have faith, and will listen. The Writing on the Wall is there in letters of flame for all who have the eyes to see, and will look upon it. But louder and louder grows the din of the world to drown these Voices, while the skies darken, and the false lights glare the more, to hide the mysterious Hand that is writing. Yet it continues to write, undisturbed and implacable; the mystic characters are forming day by day; and the Voices call insistently, beseechingly, that man will attend and take warning.

The hour of need has never lacked its true Daniel,—the Lodge sees to that; though to-day the alien prophets, crying Lo here and lo there, are all that the distracted herd seems able to follow,—some in one direction, some in another, clashing and colliding, as, drunken and dazzled, they are goaded by the Brothers of the Shadow to their doom.

He who will stand aside for one short breathing-space can see the situation clearly, simply with the eyes of his mind. He who has separated himself from the herd, even though he be as yet without attainment, will see and hear far more. The Writing and the Voices will be plain to him, though their surface meaning only may be all he understands. But he will realize that they have depth upon depth of meaning, through the Seven Layers to the heart of the sacred Inner Three. Furthermore, to him who has separated himself from the herd, the Master is at hand, so that he knows there is plan and guidance in the midst of the tumult and storm. And for him who has steadfastly abided by the Four Rules, the Master is "consciously at hand", some outline at least of his plan is visible, the Writing tells its story, the Voices are obeyed and understood.

For in his place and degree, like all the Masters beyond him, he has died to himself and to the world for love of the Masters' Cause, that, in the inner world of which he has now made himself an integral part, no matter how small, he may live under those "laws of order" which he no longer desires to break, but within whose grip of iron he is determined to come. Thus he partakes of the life and seclusion of the Masters, entering into that service which is indeed sublime, "if only from the character of those who share it",—the Masters

themselves. His object is a divine object. As *Light on the Path* tells us: "He looks neither for pleasure nor pain, asks for no heaven, and fears no hell. . . . He lives now not in the world, but with it", for his life is "hid with Christ in God".

Therefore the Voices receive his close attention, the interpretation of them becomes a chief occupation and duty, that he may impart such of the interpretation as those about him will suffer him to utter. Thus also of the Writing on the Wall, though its meaning be so dreadful to the unwilling hearts for whose instruction it is given.

What he tells will be rejected save perhaps by a handful, who may, however, while attentive to-day, turn against him to-morrow (was not the Beloved, for whom he labours, despised and rejected?). For this he must at all times be prepared, never dismayed nor swayed from his purpose because the follower of one hour has become the persecutor of the next, but humbly thankful, if even one of the many he reaches will listen, to his soul's salvation, and in turn be Torch Runner in the Great Race of the Mysteries.

* * * * * * *

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? What is there in life save the Voices, the Writing on the Wall, and the Great Lodge from which they come?

CAVÉ.

THE CORONATION

Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust.
Blow trumpet! live the strength, and die the lust!
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign. . . .
The King will follow Christ, and we the King,
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.
TENNYSON, "THE COMING OF ARTHUR".

THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY is an international, not an American magazine. It is "the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875", and is published for the equal benefit of the Society's membership throughout the world. Further, it is of the essence of Theosophy that "what affects one, affects all", which means among other things that events, and especially their causation or repercussion on inner planes, whether these events take place in England, France, Germany, or China, directly affect and concern our entire membership. Provincialism of any kind is incompatible with the spirit and purpose of Theosophy.

This will explain in part why we reprint the leading editorial, entitled "The Lord's Anointed", from *The Times* of London of May 13th,—the day following the Coronation of England's King and Queen. Many of our readers will have heard the service in Westminster Abbey as broadcast by wireless, and will have been impressed by its solemnity and spiritual significance. It was not a show; it was a reality, as *The Times* editorial recognizes. It was a world event in the deepest sense.

Editorial comment in *The New York Times*, on the other hand, revealed the regrettable habit of judging all things with Broadway as background; and, on Broadway, the Taj Mahal would look "over-done". There *are*, however, other backgrounds, other traditions, other atmospheres, other worlds, and, fortunately, there are still some New Yorkers who realize this, and are glad.

Students of Theosophy, wherever situated, will have interpreted the Coronation, and all that led up to it, in the light of this fundamental truth:—that no one can begin to understand what is taking place outwardly, without keeping always in mind the eternal struggle between good and evil, between the White and the Black Lodge; nor without recognition of the ceaseless efforts of the White Lodge to further the spiritual progress of nations as of individuals. The British Empire, during the past seven months, has passed through a grave moral crisis: it was compelled to choose, and it chose rightly. The crowning of Edward, and of the influences to which he had become subject, would have been a victory for the Dark Powers; the crowning of George VI and of Queen

Elizabeth was a victory for our Masters,—for the Powers of Light. It was a dim sense of this victory, for their share in which the people of the Empire deserve endless praise, that accounts for the depth and warmth of their rejoicing, and for the universal feeling that the service in the Abbey was the climax of a tragic but infinitely beneficent release, was the visible and superb sign of an inward and far-reaching triumph.

Once more, may the divine blessing rest upon and support the King and Queen who, at any cost to themselves, put their duty to God and to their country first.—EDITORS.

THE LORD'S ANOINTED

From "The Times", London, May 13th, 1937.

With festal pomp coming down from the days of King Edgar and from dimmer aeons beyond, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth have been consecrated to the service of their Empire. The King has been acclaimed by his people; he has sworn to defend their laws; he has been solemnly anointed into his mysterious dignity; he has received glowing emblems that only an anointed King may hold or wear; he has been lifted into his Throne and so taken possession of his kingdom; his prelates have sworn him fealty and his lay lords have become his men "of life and limb and of earthly worship". A tumult of loyal enthusiasm, rising in sonorous crescendo through months of preparation, reached its climax yesterday in the cheering of such crowds as no event in history has assembled before, in fanfares of trumpets, in peals of bells, in salvos of the great guns at the Tower. Yet at the heart, in the time-mellowed grey stillness of the Abbey, there was silence. As the golden canopy was held over King Edward's chair, and the Archbishop went in under it to the King, bearing the consecrated oil, as into a tabernacle, it seemed that those two men were alone with God, performing an act greater than they knew, more solemn than any person present could hope to understand. Upon the great congregation who watched the ancient rite performed, on the same holy ground where their ancestors had seen the unction of so many English Kings, there could not but descend some of the feeling of those same ancestors, that a man who had sat in that chair and passed through that experience must rise up something other than he had been.

For, with an obstinate unanimity beyond the power of republican rationalism to touch, men in all ages have associated the idea of kingship with the idea of the Divine. Melchizedek, King of Salem, who was a priest of the most high God, the mysterious primitive figure that haunts the imagination of the Middle Ages with the dream of a harmony of flesh and spirit in the domain of politics, we know now to be a conception common to all the races of mankind. Wherever men have formed societies there are or have been Kings; and the King, when first he appears, is a man who draws his strength from powers outside human life, yet draws it not for himself. Because he is in mysterious communion with forces greater than man, his life is the life of the tribe; for his people he lives,

and for his people sometimes he must sacramentally die. European kingship has travelled far out of the remote world in which these ideas were conceived; in England its character has been translated and retranslated, it had at one time been rationalized almost out of existence, before it took on the Imperial and federal significance it bears to-day.

And yet, whatever may have been the forces making for the survival of the Throne at different phases of its long history, nothing is more remarkable than that now, when by common consent it is more firmly established than ever before, it reposes upon almost the same body of sentiments out of which the idea of monarchy sprang. George VI, anointed, crowned, and enthroned, is become a sacramental, even a sacrificial, man, in one sense set apart from his fellows, but in a far deeper and more ancient sense made one with them as never before. Like the magical Kings of remote pre-history, he has become the mortal vessel of an immortal idea; and the idea is the life of his people. Because the life of every subject has communion with the King's consecrated life, they are enabled to feel themselves one organism, and believe that the unity is sacred. More than this: because many peoples draw this vivifying inspiration from the life of one King, they are enabled to realize themselves as a single living body, and the soul of an Empire is preserved after all the visible links between its parts have been relaxed. For in the last resort that which most surely commands human allegiance is not an abstraction but a man. This is the truth upon which the Christian faith is built; and in the Coronation, where the King becomes the Lord's anointed, *Christus Domini*, its two expressions, religious and secular, are visibly fused into one.

Such a community of sentiment between the present and the far past might be interpreted in very different ways. To some, no doubt, it seems no more than an outworn superstition, cumbering the paths of progress. A more profound view will see evidence that kingship is not an administrative device suitable only to a particular age and level of civilization, but that it corresponds to some permanent instinct in human nature itself, and so is capable, in Lord Bryce's words, "of satisfying the need men have to find a consecration for Power and a tie which shall bind them together and represent the aspirations of collective humanity." *ἄνθρωπος μετρεῖ πάντα.* Not decaying superstition, but living humanism, demands that monarchy shall be Divine. This refreshment of the idea of monarchy from the first fount of its being allows the sanctity of kingship to remain entirely distinct from the totality of power. Despotism, such as England knew in the Tudor age, is an intermediate phase of the idea, which is foreign both to its infancy and to the maturity we now see. To-day, like our remote ancestors, we do not attribute to a King a Divine right to rule, but a Divine duty to live, and to live a representative life. Purists in the last weeks have objected to the popular name of yesterday's great ceremony, saying that its essence is in the unction, and not in the imposition of the Crown. Yet there is deep meaning, though perhaps an accidental one, to be traced in the common name. It is a right instinct that seizes upon the Crown as the pre-eminent emblem of all the emblems that were yesterday bestowed upon the

King. The symbol of power, older in our English tradition than the Crown, is the Rod of Justice, which survives among the regalia as the Sceptre with the Cross, and in another shape as the Orb. This, great and noble as its meaning is, has not for centuries been regarded as the principal part of the King's investiture. The Crown has a far greater hold on the imagination; and the millions who heard yesterday the words with which the Archbishop put it upon King George's head must have noticed that there was no mention of authority and power. It is the Crown of glory and righteousness, the Crown of princely virtues, to be associated with a right faith and manifold fruits of good works. It stands indeed for everything that makes the King both the exemplar and the epitome of the life of all the peoples who are linked together by his name.

It is this sense of the representative character of the Monarchy that makes the Coronation of the Queen so necessary and so moving a part of the great rite. She has little or no share in her husband's authority—the beautiful gesture of Queen Elizabeth yesterday, when, crowned and sceptred, she made a deep obeisance to the enthroned King on her way to her own Throne, reminded all present that she is one of his subjects. But in his life as representative of his people she has an equal share, recognized for nearly a thousand years, since St. Dunstan first provided an office for the crowning of the Queen. Hers is described as the Crown of glory, honour, and joy; through her the life of the King is completed, and made a true microcosm of the life of his peoples. The many who still hear the voice of King George V, diffidently describing himself as "in some sort the head of this great family", will understand how much the King's life of honour and joy in the circle of his own home enhances his quality as the hallowed representative of the national aspirations.

Yet, while that which was personal to the King ranged so far beyond the idea of mere authority, yesterday's ceremony, taken as a whole, remains a benediction upon power. There breathes through all the august ritual a sense of how sublime and awful is the "endless adventure" of governing men. There come moments to all engaged in that adventure when their calling seems no more than a petty scuffle of selfish factions, a sordid huckstering over the mere material means of life, even an ignoble personal rivalry for place and power. "What shadows", cried Burke in a moment of political disillusion, "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" To such moods of pessimism the great solemnity of the Coronation is the answer. *Confortare*, says the ancient antiphon over the crowned King: "Be strong, and play the man." This vocation of politics is the noblest of all human callings; its business is not with the market-place but with the stars; it is still what it was to Plato, to St. Augustine, to Sir Thomas More. Its purpose is no less than the building of the City of God. To that exalted task King and people have been consecrated together. A vow has been made that binds all who exercise any degree of political authority—that binds, therefore, every subject of the King. In redeeming it the responsibility rests upon all; but it is the King's part to be at the centre, uniting in his hands all the threads of the Imperial endeavour, counselling all, interpreting all the parts of his Empire to one another.

THE STONE OF DESTINY

THE pageantry of the recent Coronation has placed strikingly before a world little mindful of it, the insignia of royalty, and to some extent their symbolism,—a symbolism handed down, in essence though with many modifications, from a remote antiquity, when the monarch was recognized as mediator between his people and the Supreme King from whom alone all power is derived. Referred to less frequently than other emblems, but with a past that extends, symbolically at least, back to the dawn of creation, is the so-called Stone of Destiny, which lies beneath the Coronation chair in Westminster Abbey.

In all stones there is more than meets the eye,—which is true, of course, of every material object, but which needs to be remembered especially in the case of stones, because they are regarded almost universally as devoid of consciousness and even of life. Naturally, they are not all alike: there are stones and stones, differing not only in substance, but in endowment, attainment, and significance. For they are creatures, long antedating anything we now know as of the vegetable or animal kingdoms, while their stored-up experience, or accumulation of psychic impressions, because so slowly acquired, by far outlasts the races of men.

The student of Theosophy sees all things as living things. All matter is alive. Its different forms are expressive of different aspects of the spirit. The degree of what we call its materiality is the degree to which, in it, the spontaneity and freedom of Divine Life on the one hand, and of personal self-will on the other, have been surrendered in fidelity to a particular loyalty, and have thus become fixed. In that, as Bergson pointed out, matter is like habit, which is the relatively fixed and predictable way in which we now act, without need for conscious volition, as the result of choice and will consciously exercised and reiterated in the past, in accordance with some desire or quality of our being, to which we yield dominance and of which the habit becomes an external expression. So all forms of matter express some quality of spirit; and their fixed and predictable response to given conditions, the attribute of matter which makes science possible and which, too often, makes us think of material things as dead, reveals their undeviating fidelity to the ray of spirit which formed them. In this, the mineral kingdom is closer to the spiritual than is either the vegetable or the animal. The image it reflects is clearer, because less overlaid and confused with extraneous impressions; and, in consequence, those who can read the hearts of stones find them books of spiritual truths. Above all, they tell of the quality of loyalty, the supreme attribute of the spirit—and of every true King.

The symbology of stones is a study in itself. We read in *Isaiah* (28; v. 16): "Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation

a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation"; and in *Revelation* (2; v. 17): "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it".

Madame Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* devotes an entire section (Vol. II, pp. 341-349; ed. 1888) to the subject of stones, dealing at length with the rocking or Logan stones; the *clacha-brath*, the "Destiny or judgment-stone" of the Celts; the divining-stone, or "stone of the ordeal", and the oracle stone; the moving or animated stone of the Phœnicians; the rumbling stone of the Irish; the *ophite* stones described in a poem on Stones attributed to Orpheus. Referring to the Stone of Destiny, or Coronation Stone, she says (p. 342): "It is also known that the famous stone at Westminster was called *liafail*—'the speaking stone'—which raised its voice only to name the King that had to be chosen. Cambry (*Monuments Celtiques*) says he saw it when it still bore the inscription:

" '*Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocumque locatum*
"*Invenient lapidem, regnasse tenentur ibidem*'."

Some say that this inscription was engraved on a brass plate attached to the stone; others, that it was cut into the stone itself. The Latin has been translated as follows:

If fates go right, where'er this stone is found,
The Scots shall monarchs of that realm be crowned.

In the "Official Souvenir Programme" of the Coronation, Sir Gerald Wollaston, Garter Principal King of Arms, writes:

A word may here be said of that most venerable relic, King Edward's Chair. It is made of oak of an architectural [Gothic] design, the feet being formed of four sejant lions, and is attributed to the time of Edward I [1239–1307]. But this structure was designed to contain a far more ancient and famous object, known as the Stone of Scone, which forms its seat. It is a block of reddish sandstone and, if the legends about it are to be believed, is the stone on which the Patriarch Jacob laid his head at Bethel [and saw "a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it"], its subsequent migrations ending in its removal from Spain to Ireland by Simon Brech, who was crowned upon it there 700 years before the Christian era. There certainly was a stone corresponding to it in Ireland, preserved on the Hill of Tara, possibly as a stone used for purposes of consecration in that country. The Irish called it the Stone of Destiny, due to its alleged power of emitting an oracular sound to show the legitimacy of Royal descent. It may well have been taken from Ireland to the West of Scotland, early in the Christian era, by the settlers from Ireland who established themselves in that country [it is more likely, as many authorities assert, that in the sixth century, in a war of conquest, it was taken to the island of Iona, where St. Columba is said to have pillowed his head upon it at the time of his death in 597], for it certainly existed in that part of Scotland long before the ninth century, when it was removed by King Kenneth from Dunstaffnage to the Abbey of Scone. In Scotland the stone was accorded the same veneration, including the tradition that its possession was essential to the preservation of regal power. At Scone all the Kings of Scotland were crowned upon it until the year 1296, when Edward I brought it to England and left it as an offering of conquest at the Shrine of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey. There it has ever since remained, and has been used for the crowning of almost every successive Monarch of our land.

Note how fitting is this stone as a symbol of the test for royal legitimacy. Kingly power can only rest on rock-like fidelity to that spiritual hierarchy, linking heaven and earth, of which Jacob dreamed. Only as that ladder rises through the King's person, is he legitimately King; only by virtue of his own obedience and loyalty to the King of kings, can he command the obedience of his people. Note, too, how, despite the obvious corruption of the legend, caused by the interblending of different local interpretations of it, the history that is ascribed to the stone follows the course of kingly power which it symbolizes.

There are different traditions as to the way in which this stone was conveyed to Ireland from Palestine. MacKenzie, in his *Royal Masonic Cyclopædia* (1877, p. 698), says:

> The legend is, that Adam possessed this stone while in the Garden of Eden, and that he used it as an altar, and carried it with him on his emergence into the world, and Seth received it from him. Noah preserved it in the ark, and left it on Mount Ararat, where Abraham found it. His grandson Jacob took it with him in his flight to his uncle Laban in Mesopotamia. . . . The history of the stone here becomes very indistinct, but one legend asserts that Jeremiah, escaping with a Jewish princess, took it to Spain, and thence it was brought to Ireland [where the Jewish princess is said to have married a King of Ulster], and that one of the Dalriad Kings conveyed it to Scotland. . . .

According to another tradition, recorded in *The Coronation Stone*, by G. Albert Rogers, the Patriarch Jacob carried the stone to Egypt when Joseph commanded his brethren to bring their father to the Court of the Pharaoh; Moses took it with him in the Exodus; it was used as the corner stone in Solomon's temple and was always called "Jacob's stone", after which, at the time of the Babylonish captivity, the Prophet Jeremiah took it first to Egypt, then to Spain, and finally to Ireland.

The stone itself, disregarding the chair, is about twenty-six inches long, by sixteen and three-quarters, by ten and a half inches in depth,—a red sandstone block. It would seem that geology might throw some light on its place of origin, but here again, authorities differ, for while there is stone like it in Scotland, there is also stone like it on the shores of the Dead Sea, no great distance from Bethel. Judging by what H.P.B. says in *The Secret Doctrine* about other "stones of mystery", it seems likely, however, that the Stone of Destiny came originally from one of the great submerged continents, probably from Atlantis, and that it was used for oracular purposes many thousands of years before the days of Jacob. That it has ceased, for the present, to serve as an oracle, is not surprising in view of the blank amazement, or laughter, with which such "fantastic notions" would be received to-day. Even now, speak to it with the faith that it hears and might answer,—and perhaps it would; though the probability is that only on great occasions, and for great purposes, with the faith of many to evoke and hear it, would the voice of the far past be heard again. Possibly, if England continues to respect her own traditions, and to respect, though blindly, her Coronation Stone, the time will come (in the distant future, we fear) when its voice will be heard: "Behold the Adept-King for whose coming you have prayed!"

FRÈRE SERVANT.

MAN, THE MEASURE OF ALL THINGS

Brahmâ is Self, Vishnu is Self, Indra is Self, Shiva is Self, all this world is Self; nothing is but Self. . . . Like the ether, stainless, undivided, unperturbed, unchanging, free within and without, alone, one, is the Self, the Supreme Eternal; what else is there to know?—SHANKARA ACHARYA.

"MAN is the measure of all things." According to the occult principle of universal analogy, the human being is the microcosm of the macrocosm; all the attributes of divinity can become his attributes; he who truly knows himself, knows God. The most persistent theme of theosophical literature is the perfectibility of man. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." *The Secret Doctrine* records the evidence that human nature can be transmuted into the form of its paradigm, which is the Divine Self, the Eternal.

The principle of universal analogy does not fit into the conventional moulds of modern thought. The prevailing conception of man's place in Nature provides no space for the soul nor for any cosmic prototype of the soul. Life itself is regarded as an incidental by-product of a vast inanimate process. The idea of a consciousness diffused throughout Nature, present even in the inorganic kingdom, is almost unintelligible to the modern mind. Such a concept seems to contradict the whole testimony of physical science.

Physical science is a system of calculation which has been developed during the past three centuries to a marvellous degree of efficiency. It is based upon the simple observation that physical Nature, *in its most obvious aspects*, behaves like a machine. Outside the organic kingdoms, the motion of material bodies appears to be uniformly automatic. It conforms to certain general "laws", and can be charted, predicted, controlled. It is not astonishing that the scientist should study by preference the vast field of the determinable in Nature, for his primary function is to calculate and to direct the course of events—so far as this is possible—thus increasing man's power to constrain the brute forces of the earth.

The extraordinary success of the scientist in enlarging the field of the determinable, has blinded many to the fact that his methods of calculation do not apply to modes of motion which are not uniformly automatic. This explains why biology, medicine and psychology, as well as sociology and economics, are relatively so ineffective and so inexact. They represent vain attempts to adapt the formulæ of physics and mathematics to living things. Even in the lowliest organisms, life generates movements which are incalculable. Who knows how or when or why a hen will cross a road? Doubtless, life has its own "laws of

motion" corresponding to the "laws of motion" of inorganic matter, but they are incomparably more subtile, more plastic, more flexible, like the laws of composition in the arts. There is in the modern world no science of "life's motion", nothing, for instance, which resembles the Indian science of *karma*, the knowledge of the ways in which the principle of "cause and effect" operates on the various planes of consciousness. The principal "achievement" of modern psychology and sociology has been to weaken men's faith in the moral and spiritual science of ancient and mediæval Europe, the product of centuries of experience; nor has anything been put in the place of what has been destroyed.

Curiously enough, the least materialistic of the sciences to-day are those which deal with matter in its most inorganic states, at the subatomic level which underlies the evolution of molecular forms. Madame Blavatsky predicted that physicists would be compelled by the progress of experiment to revise their conceptions of the ultimate constitution of substance. Not long after her death a series of discoveries, beginning with that of radio-activity in uranium and radium, began to reveal a new world within the visible shell of gross matter. In this new world the fundamental principle seems to be "uncertainty". It cannot be pretended that the behaviour of the electron, for instance, is automatic and mechanical. One can only assume what will *probably* happen. For all practical purposes, this probability is virtually equivalent to certainty, for by the "law of averages" every motion *tends* to recur periodically according to a relatively fixed pattern. The analogy with human and animal habits is apparent. The subatomic particle or wavicle actually behaves, in its own infinitesimal domain, like an organism endowed with an inalienable spark of "free-will" but conditioned by its "experience" to repeat indefinitely the same responses to the same stimuli.

There are other similitudes between the subatomic and the organic. The universe within the atom is in itself neither form nor force, neither matter nor radiation. Certain physicists compare it to a void, an abyss, a state of primordial emptiness,—like the *sunyata* of Mahayana Buddhism or the *chaos* of Orphic theogony; also like the chasm which we feel when we try to look into our "subconscious". What, then, is the substance which seems to occupy this space? It is not physical, as we understand the physical. It is as elusive, as intangible as thought. By virtue of its own momentum, by virtue of the real love of truth which has been put into it, science seems to have passed the borders of the physical and to have come into contact with things of an astral or semi-astral constitution. However we may venture to represent the astral, it suggests a mode of substance as fluidic, as transformable, as empty *per se*, as the stuff of which dreams are made. It may be compared to a mirror reflecting states of consciousness, alternately or even simultaneously, as force and form, as "wavicle" and "particle". Its basic principle might well be called "uncertainty", although as this principle exfoliates, it assumes an increasingly certain "physical" aspect, a limitation, an enduring shape, a *habit*.

Ultra-modern physicists are making desperate efforts to define the incongruities of subatomic motion in mathematical terms. A whole new branch of

mathematics, which a cynic might describe as the calculus of the incalculable, has been devised. Some explanations, as has been suggested, are more difficult to understand than the things which are being explained. Perhaps, the ultimate entities of subatomic Nature are essentially inexplicable, in any mathematical sense, because they are *in esse* living things, atoms of consciousness. This is suggested by the "uncertainty" which is the root of their existence. Our inner, subjective experience testifies that wherever there is uncertainty in Nature, there is present a will which freely chooses, however infinitesimal the field of choice may be.

Will science, which has apparently touched the fringe of the astral in Nature, discover the psychic potencies within or beyond the astral, perhaps even the Kingdoms of the Elementals obscurely designated in Rosicrucian fragments? It is said that these *arcana* can only be penetrated by the wisest and most intrepid of mankind; that they are too intimately linked with the inner destiny of man to be understood and controlled by anyone who neither understands nor controls himself. The science of real Nature advances *pari passu* with the science of man. One must have realized what is potential within the human self, before one can unveil the forms of consciousness which the visible body of the universe, according to tradition, both symbolizes and conceals.

Scientists have weighed and measured millions of human and animal bodies, living and dead, have analysed their contents and catalogued their physiological actions and reactions. But as Madame Blavatsky remarked, biologists as a class attribute no specific properties to the life which animates the organisms they dissect. They consistently leave the factor of life out of their theories and formulæ, and in general still cling to the mechanistic hypothesis which has been discredited in physics as a final explanation even of inorganic causation.

Madame Blavatsky, testifying from her own experience, insisted upon the reality of psychic and spiritual powers in man that cannot be interpreted in terms of any science which limits its research to his physical organs and functions, without reference to any soul or vital principle. The simplest fact of consciousness—a thought, an emotion, a volition, a sensation—contradicts the whole thesis of mechanistic materialism. But because the mind is apt to take no notice of ordinary details of life, she drew attention to the world-wide and age-long evidence of extraordinary psychic and spiritual experiences,—ranging from table-tipping, "materializations" of ghosts, and magnetic cures, to the highest expressions of mystical exaltation, the immediate perception of divine powers both transcendent and immanent. Science, she asserted, could not ignore this evidence without disloyalty to the ideal of truth which it professes. It is useless to affirm: "Let truth prevail, though the heavens fall", and then to refuse even to consider the possible existence of any fact which threatens to upset one's preconceived notions as to what can or cannot exist.

In recent years there have been signs of increasing dissatisfaction among biologists as to the state of their science. The doctrine of emergent evolution, General Smuts' theory of Holism, the late Professor Osborn's "energy conception" of heredity, represent efforts to devise "working hypotheses" which take

into account the phenomena which distinguish the organic from the inorganic in Nature. Particular notice should be taken of a recent book by Dr. Alexis Carrel.[1] Dr. Carrel, speaking as a practical physician, does not hesitate to affirm that medicine, in spite of all its apparent triumphs, "has been paralyzed by the narrowness of its doctrines"; that the average medical man reveals an abysmal ignorance concerning the real nature of the human being. The most important knowledge which we can possess is the knowledge of ourselves; but as he points out, scientists by preference choose almost any other topic, and even when they ostensibly specialize in the study of man, they actually limit their experiments to the body, as if man were nothing but a body. It is the dominant motif of Dr. Carrel's book that a true science of man includes the investigation of all human activities, the mental, moral and spiritual, as well as those which we define as the purely physical. In brief, man should be studied as a whole.

It is said that Dr. Carrel's criticisms have awakened various reactions among his colleagues. At least, no one can assert that he is an upstart. His official credentials are unimpeachable. After a distinguished career in France, he joined the research staff of the Rockefeller Institute. He won the Nobel Prize in 1912 and the Nordhoff-Jung Cancer Prize in 1931. He is universally recognized as one of the greatest living surgeons.

He suggests that our ignorance of ourselves is partly due to the nature of our minds. The conditions of human existence on earth enforce a state of constant struggle against the gross energies of Nature. Man must dominate his physical environment or perish as a physical entity. As Bergson has demonstrated, our habitual modes of thought have been evolved, like our bodies, under the moulding influence of "natural selection". The mind tends to form a conception of the world, best adapted to enable us effectively to calculate and control our action upon the world or its action upon us. Whenever this is possible, it isolates from the complex of experience certain simple data which provide us with the information that we need in order to act, or to direct physical energies, existing outside our bodies, to act for us. Certainly, the mind is capable of other concepts, for it reflects upon the whole of experience; but because physical experience seems more vivid and more concrete to the average mortal than any other, the racial mind tends to draw most of the subject-matter of thought from the data of sense-perception. This racial proclivity has reached a sort of climax in the applied science and material progress of the modern world. The formulation of certain "laws of nature" has revealed nothing of what Nature is in itself, but it has immeasurably extended the dominion of the human mind over "matter". It is unnecessary to emphasize the "wonders of science", for this is a favorite theme of the newspapers. We understand better than ever before during the present historical cycle how to harness and direct the forces of the physical world where we have to live.

Unfortunately, by an excessive concentration upon the phenomena of inorganic Nature, where calculation is easy and certain, the modern mind has overcharged itself with images of machines and automata. Dr. Carrel has no illu-

[1] *Man the Unknown*, by Alexis Carrel; Harper & Brothers; New York, 1935; price $3.50.

sions regarding the dangers latent in this simple fact that we know so much about the substance which is "dead" and so little about the living.

The sciences of inert matter have made an immense progress, while those of living beings remain in a rudimentary state. The slow advance of biology is due to the conditions of human existence, to the intricacy of the phenomena of life, and to the form of our intelligence, which delights in mechanical constructions and mathematical abstractions. The applications of scientific discoveries have transformed the material and mental worlds. These transformations exert on us a profound influence. Their unfortunate effect comes from the fact that they have been made without consideration for our nature. Our ignorance of ourselves has given to mechanics, physics, and chemistry the power to modify at random the ancestral forms of life. Man should be the measure of all. On the contrary, he is a stranger in the world that he has created. He has been incapable of organizing this world for himself, because he did not possess a practical knowledge of his own nature. Thus, the enormous advance gained by the sciences of inanimate matter over those of living things is one of the greatest catastrophes ever suffered by humanity. The environment born of our intelligence and our inventions is adjusted neither to our stature nor to our shape. . . . The only possible remedy for this evil is a much more profound knowledge of ourselves. . . . In bringing to light our true nature, our potentialities, and the way to actualize them, this science will give us the explanation of our physiological weakening, and of our moral and intellectual diseases. We have no other means of learning the inexorable rules of our organic and spiritual activities, of distinguishing the prohibited from the lawful, of realizing that we are not free to modify, according to our fancy, our environment and ourselves. Since the natural conditions of life have been destroyed by modern civilization, the science of man has become the most necessary of all sciences (pp. 27-28).

There is a fatal law from the operation of which no previous civilization has escaped. Both in the animate and in the supposedly inanimate worlds, certain limitations are imposed by Nature. When these limitations are transgressed, a monstrosity is produced, a *lusus naturæ*, an entity relatively over-developed in some functions and under-developed in others. But Nature has no place for monsters and freaks. If they cannot be "cured", they are destroyed. Every civilization which has left a record has ended by becoming a deformity. Instead of making manifest the real nature of man, it has denatured him. In spite of whatever glory it may have achieved, it was erased from the surface of the earth, and the human race subsided into a "dark age" during which it slowly recovered its vitality and resumed a natural mode of life. Dr. Carrel's diagnosis of the mental and moral state of the average modern man suggests that our present civilization has already entered its monstrous phase and may soon be ripe for destruction.

Moral sense is almost completely ignored by modern society. We have in fact suppressed its manifestations. All are imbued with irresponsibility. Those who discern good from evil, who are industrious and provident, remain poor and are looked on as morons. The woman who has several children, who devotes herself to their education, instead of to her own career, is considered weak-minded. If a man saves a little money for his wife and the education of his children, this money is stolen from him by enterprising financiers; or taken by the government and distributed to those who have been reduced to want by their own improvidence and the short-sightedness of manufacturers, bankers, and economists. . . . Robbers enjoy prosperity in peace. Gangsters are protected by politicians and respected by judges. They are the heroes whom children ad-

mire at the cinema and imitate in their games. A rich man has every right. He may discard his ageing wife, abandon his old mother, rob those who have entrusted their money to him, without losing the consideration of his friends. . . . Sexual morals have been cast aside. Psychoanalysts supervise men and women in their conjugal relations. There is no difference between wrong and right, just and unjust. . . . Ministers have rationalized religion. They have destroyed its mystical basis. But they do not succeed in attracting modern men. In their half-empty churches they vainly preach a weak morality . . . (pp. 152-153).

The loss of faith in God, even in an anthropomorphic God, has immeasurably impoverished the concept of Nature. We have little respect for natural forms or for natural processes of growth. Whenever it is possible to do so, we alter normal functions and impose an artificial direction upon them. There is evidence that even our staple foods have become artificial. "Mass production has modified the composition of wheat, eggs, milk, fruit, and butter, although these articles have retained their familiar appearance" (p. 116). It is by no means impossible that many of the degenerative diseases from which civilized man suffers are related to the abnormalities of a civilized diet. The digestive, circulatory and nervous systems are not adapted to foodstuffs produced, like our ultra-modern eggs, through the over-stimulation of organic processes by chemical and physical agencies never present in a state of nature.

It is useless to pretend that we can become anything which we want to become. Man cannot adequately be conceived apart from his real potentialities. These are rich enough to warrant our abandoning without regret the search for potentialities in him which by the very nature of things cannot be there. It is vain and dangerous, for instance, to fancy that there is no fundamental difference in aptitudes between the sexes.

Ignorance of . . . fundamental facts has led promotors of feminism to believe that both sexes should have the same education, the same powers, and the same responsibilities. In reality, woman differs profoundly from man. Every one of the cells of her body bears the mark of her sex. The same is true of her organs and, above all, of her nervous system. Physiological laws are as inexorable as those of the sidereal world. They cannot be replaced by human wishes. We are obliged to accept them just as they are. Women should develop their aptitudes in accordance with their own nature, without trying to imitate the males. Their part in the progress of civilization is higher than that of man. They should not abandon their specific functions (p. 90).

The failure to recognize the physiological and psychological laws which determine all human possibilities, is responsible for all the Utopian dreams which are ravaging our civilization as they have ravaged the civilizations of the past.

Although physicians, educators, and hygienists most generously lavish their efforts for the benefit of mankind, they do not attain their goal. For they deal with schemata containing only a part of the reality. The same may be said of all those who substitute their desires, their dreams, or their doctrines for the concrete human being. These theorists build up civilizations which, although designed by them for man, fit only a monstrous image of man. The systems of government, entirely constructed in the minds of doctrinaires, are valueless. The principles of the French Revolution, the visions of Marx and Lenin, apply only to abstract men. It must be clearly realized that the laws of human relations are still unknown. Sociology and economics are conjectural sciences—

that is, pseudo-sciences. Thus, it appears that the environment, which science and technology have succeeded in developing for man, does not suit him, because it has been constructed at random, without regard for his true self (pp. 26-27).

We must discover our potentialities. Students of Theosophy will sympathize with much, if not all, that Dr. Carrel has to say upon this subject.

Man consists of all his actual and potential activities. The functions which, at certain epochs and in certain environments, remain virtual, are as real as those which constantly express themselves. The writings of Ruysbroeck the Admirable contain as many truths as those of Claude Bernard. *The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage* and the *Introduction to the Study of Experimental Medicine* describe two aspects, the former less frequent and the latter more usual, of the same being. The forms of activity considered by Plato are more specific of our nature than thirst, hunger, sensual appetite, and greed. Since the Renaissance, a privileged position has arbitrarily been given to certain aspects of man. Matter has been separated from mind. To matter has been attributed a greater reality than to mind (pp. 119-120).

The suggested remedy is, therefore, to study man as a whole, to test every experience upon every plane of one's own being, to examine without prejudice the possibility that various experiences recorded by other men, perhaps in other ages or upon other continents, may be none the less real because one has not known them oneself. Dr. Carrel reveals a truly extraordinary tolerance and broad-mindedness. He believes in telepathy and clairvoyance, in the cures at Lourdes, in the power of prayer, in the divination of truth by super-sensuous intuition, in the reality of the Mystic Way. In some ways, his arguments recall those of Madame Blavatsky, since she also argued that the existence of supernormal powers in human consciousness cannot be explained by any science of man which does not pass beyond the analysis of his physical body and its functions. Dr. Carrel even favours an interpretation of spiritualistic phenomena which, as far as it goes, is not dissimilar to the hypothesis proposed in early theosophical literature.

The medium believes himself to be inhabited by the spirit of the deceased. He may reveal to the experimenters some details known only to the dead man, and the exactness of which is verified later. According to Broad, these facts could be interpreted as indicating the persistence after death, not of the mind, but of a psychic factor capable of grafting itself temporarily upon the organism of the medium. This psychic factor, in uniting with a human being, would constitute a sort of consciousness belonging both to the medium and to the defunct. Its existence would be transitory. It would progressively break up and finally disappear (pp. 264-265).

He nowhere expresses himself clearly upon the subject of personal immortality of a higher order than that envisaged by most spiritualists. The most that he dares say is that we do not know where our true spatial and temporal frontiers are, that sometimes "personality seems really to extend beyond physiological duration" (p. 264); that each one of us, while living, is "certainly far larger and more diffuse than his body" (p. 258).

Perhaps his hesitation at this point is not wholly due to scientific caution. Admirable as is his exposition of human potentialities, it would seem that he invents a premature generalization when he defines—quite tentatively, it is

true—soul and body as inseparable aspects of one entity. The whole question is, what is meant by these terms, "soul" and "body". His studies in mysticism might have suggested the idea that there are several "souls" and several "bodies". In particular, he might revise his somewhat disparaging opinion of the great Hindu mystics, if he seriously investigated the basis for their threefold and sevenfold divisions of man. It may be granted that wherever there is consciousness, it is related to some state of substance, to some material vehicle, subtile or gross. The modes of consciousness, which immediately depend upon the gross physical body for their manifestation, must disappear when the body dies; but according to the *experimental science* of the Upanishads, for example, there are other modes of consciousness which do not immediately depend upon the physical body and which survive its death, although their activity may, in a certain sense, be suspended until, by the operation of Karma and of cyclic law, a new physical body is born in which they can reincarnate. Many students of Theosophy have accepted this theory, which incidentally was not limited to India, since it was clearly expounded by Pythagoras and Plato. It is logical and rests upon well-attested experience.

However, the essence of the ancient Indian science of consciousness is the doctrine of the identity of the Real Self of man with the Eternal. As the Vedanta teaches, the Atman and the Brahman are one. "This is the meaning, this the final word of the teaching of wisdom: the individual life is the Eternal, the whole world is the Eternal; to be established in the secondless Eternal is liberation; this too the Scriptures declare" (*The Crest Jewel of Wisdom* [*Vivekachudamani*], 480).

According to the doctrine of the One Self, the true man is not his body, not his mind, not even what some religious people have imagined to be the "immortal soul". "The destruction of the body, the sense-powers, the life-breath, the mind, is as the destruction of a leaf, a flower, a fruit; but the Self stands firm as the tree." The Self is immanent in every atom but is also removed from all the accidents and purgations of conditioned existence. One of the titles of the Real Self is "the disinterested spectator". Only he who has realized his essential being, who knows by immediate experience that he is that eternal Self, can be described as the Immortal, the Master, the Mahatma, the "Great Soul". However, it may be suggested that the Self is always present to our consciousness, though we recognize it not, for it is the power that makes manifest the *purpose* which presides over every motion of life and which reveals in every event the meaning which can be found by those who diligently search.

Students of Theosophy who attempt to make the doctrine of the One Self the guiding star of their lives, find in it the supreme expression of the maxim that man is the measure of all things. This *man* is the Master, he who has embodied the Essence of Nature in his individuality, and who is immortal because the Essence of Nature, the Logos, with which he is one, is immortal. Madame Blavatsky brought to the world the testimony that such men are not metaphysical abstractions, that they exist as living witnesses to the divine potentialities of humanity.

Dr. Carrel is, perhaps, not far removed from the doctrine of the One Self, when he meditates upon the cause and quality of true greatness.

> Between certain individuals and nature there are subtile and obscure relations. Such men are able to spread across space and time and to grasp concrete reality. They seem to escape from themselves and also from the physical continuum. . . . Like the great prophets of science, art, religion, they often succeed in apprehending in the abysses of the unknown, elusive and sublime beings called mathematical abstractions, Platonic Ideas, absolute beauty, God (p. 262).

Only men of the superior order, only "God-instructed men" can save our civilization from shipwreck, if indeed it be worth saving. The most that we can do is to act and to plan as intelligently as possible and to pray for their coming. Dr. Carrel's last chapter, "The Remaking of Man", in our opinion, falls below the general level of the book, because he takes up there an idea which he has effectively refuted, the idea that all would be well if the government of the world could be turned over to a high commission of scientists. It is true that these scientists would be unlike any others of whom we have ever heard. They would assemble all the facts of human history in all its phases from the biological to the mystical, and would then almost automatically pronounce sound judgments and issue edicts which the masses would almost automatically obey. At least, such is the impression which his argument leaves. Such an ideal is, of course, Utopian in the extreme. Scientists of that species simply do not exist, nor is it conceivable that the human race can be renovated by any number of edicts though they emanated from God Himself. The whole experiment, assuming that it could even be launched, would terminate in one more planned economy; and the world has at present all the planned economy that it can endure.

This does not imply that one does not sympathize with Dr. Carrel's fundamental ideal of forming body and mind "according to natural laws, and not to the prejudices of the various schools of educators" (p. 286). One agrees in principle with his assertion that minds capable of understanding those laws exist. But such minds cannot be formed by the discipline of modern science alone. Indeed, certain current scientific practices, such as the inoculation of animals with viruses, lead not to spiritual knowledge but to black magic. One knows the laws of subtile Nature by direct experience of their action in one's own consciousness. One knows the Real by becoming real oneself. "Thus says the Scripture." There is no other way. Doubtless, the "God-instructed man" must know all that is known to the modern scientist; but in addition he must be a saint, a sage, a creative genius of the first magnitude, for it is part of his function, not the least important part, by the force of his love and compassion to create in the hearts of other men the desire to know themselves and to renovate themselves. The builders of real civilizations cannot be manufactured in any academy. We do not understand the law of their coming. One may surmise, however, that they would come even at this late date, if they were sincerely invited.

S.V.L.

"MAN, KNOW THYSELF"

AT the Theosophical Convention of 1936, the above was one of the texts upon which was based the Report of the Committee on Resolutions. A companion text was: "Man is the Mirror of the Universe". That address contained matter of vital importance to students of Theosophy who are eager to promote the aims and objects of the Society, and especially to those who aspire to discipleship, because, as the speaker said, "discipleship of any degree is impossible except on the basis of my texts".

The speaker referred to "Mr. Judge's oft-repeated statement that everything in life and in nature should be interpreted in the light of the seven principles", and then suggested that it would be simpler, for the present purpose, to think of the upper triad as the immortal part of man, and of the lower quaternary as the personality, and continued: "Man being the mirror of the universe, we find that the hierarchy which he is by nature (before he has perverted his nature), reflects the hierarchical principle which is manifest everywhere in the universe around him, except where, as in himself, he has turned things upside down; for the vast majority of men, instead of being governed by the immortal part of themselves, are governed by the personality,—which means that they are governed by their own mob, by their own demos—their elemental inclinations and desires. This is why man is the demos-controlled animal which he is to-day, and why the whole world is in a state of such deplorable confusion. The hierarchical principle, inherent in Nature both seen and unseen, was intended to inspire and guide the evolution of man as of all else." Later the speaker said: "This doctrine of the higher and lower nature of man, and of a similar duality throughout the manifested universe, needs to be emphasized by all students of Theosophy. . . . Because of this duality in manifested Nature, so marked in man,—necessarily his life, and the life of the universe itself, is a ceaseless conflict, with the corollary that conflict is not an evil, but is essential to health and growth. The most terrible of all conflicts, because incessant, age-long, is that between the Powers of Light and those of Darkness,—between the White Lodge and the Black, fighting for the souls of men. That most people no longer believe in the Devil, who was, after all, the symbol of a dreadful reality, a synthetic representation of the Powers of Darkness, is a victory for them for which they had long been working."

How many of those who heard that address, or who read it in the published report of the Convention, have made any serious or determined effort to act upon it? And yet, we must believe that that message—that appeal—was made because of a great need. The present cycle of indrawal emphasizes the urgency of that need. In this Black Age, or Kali Yuga, the sincere, determined efforts of a very few can count for infinitely much. As Mr. Judge says in *Letters that have Helped Me*: "Kali Yuga by its very nature, and terrible, swift momentum,

permits one to do more with his energies in a shorter time than in any other Yuga. But heavens, what a combat!" Therefore, that Convention address was not only an appeal, it was a challenge.

It has been said that, considering the indrawal now taking place, we should become more and more concerned with inner things. In other words, the combat to which we are urged is an *inner* conflict between the Self (the immortal part of us) and the self (the personality). How many of us are aware of any struggle taking place? If there is no struggle, then we may be sure that we have surrendered, lock, stock and barrel, to the enemy! Or, perhaps, we have been unwilling to give up our illusion that the personality is something lovely to contemplate because we have spent so much time, attention and effort in building up this false image of ourselves, until it appears to us as an angel of light, instead of the ugly, hideous thing it is. One of the favourite tricks of the lower nature is to prevent us from being absolutely honest with ourselves. Few men are. The average man finds it easier to live in desires. Inertia, sheer laziness, are potent weapons of the lower nature. Yet, if a man will but look within, and not blind his eyes to the light of the soul, his search will be rewarded. If he has come to recognize that the hierarchical principle was intended to inspire and guide his evolution, he will endeavour increasingly to bring his thoughts, his desires, his aspirations and efforts under the guidance of the immortal part of him. Once this step is taken, he will recognize his personality for what it is: "the snake of self", which is his own worst and, in reality, his only enemy.

All that has been said in the foregoing has been repeated in theosophical literature so often, in so many different ways, that it is to be feared the constant repetition has in some cases deadened the understanding of its deep significance. There is also a danger that some students of Theosophy have unconsciously been influenced by the general disbelief of the present day in the Devil, who was "the symbol of a dreadful reality, a synthetic representation of the Powers of Darkness". If so, they should realize that they have contributed, to that extent, to the magnitude of the victory of the Black Lodge over the world. This tragic fact is an illustration of the way in which we may unconsciously be betraying the Cause to which we have dedicated our lives. Oh! that each one of us could be brought to realize more keenly than we have ever done the fact that our lower nature, the thing which we have nursed and fostered so assiduously, will turn and rend us; that it is, in fact, fighting for its own life, which it maintains by feeding upon the spiritual qualities which all of us possess, but which we have allowed it to pervert and misuse. Realization of this truth cannot fail to result in serious efforts to curb the lower nature, which will then become restive, and will fight,—for it must not be imagined that it will surrender without a life-and-death struggle. Even a rat will fight when cornered, as anyone who has ever had any experience with rats can testify. This "rat" of a lower nature will do the same.

A competent general knows from experience that in planning a campaign he must first study the terrain, the strength and disposition of the opposing forces. He is aware that his opponent is wily; knows his antagonist's weak as well as

strong points, and will therefore dispose his forces so as to guard against ambush and surprise attacks. All rules of civilized or uncivilized warfare are as nothing to our inner enemy, who will employ any tactics, any deceit, any means whatever, to gain his ends. In this warfare, no quarter is asked or given; therefore, the would-be disciple must both study his enemy, and be "on sentry go" every minute. Above all, he should be aware of the spiritual forces which he already has at his command, and the immeasurable reinforcements which may be sent him in case of need. It is all too common for people to think of "the spiritual world", the "upper triad", the "spiritual hierarchy", as something above us, to which we vaguely and more or less blindly appeal. We should be conscious of the spiritual qualities which we already possess and are constantly using. The Buddha, when asked what needed to be done, in order to develop the "iddhis", or powers of the soul, replied that, among other things, we should learn "to see through things". All of us are closer to the spiritual world, and our life is closer to the life of the soul, than we realize. The good qualities we possess, and all of us have at least a few, are part of the immortal in us. What we need to do is to realize that this spiritual life is close to our every-day life and consciousness, and that we use the qualities of the soul constantly. By learning to "see through things", as the Buddha advised, we shall learn to discriminate between these higher qualities and the perversions which our personalities have made of them.

The cycle of indrawal is an opportunity provided for gaining greater realization of the need to employ these qualities of the soul more intelligently, more constantly and determinedly, in order to draw closer to the centre and source of spiritual life for each one of us—our own Master. In this mortal combat we can invoke the aid of all the heavenly host; our reinforcements will be those of the Great Lodge itself; every power of the spiritual world will be aiding us.

H.G.

It is not the weeds that choke the grain; it is the negligence of the cultivator.—CONFUCIUS.

Beware of moods and ill-humour; to give way to these is to impair our strength of will and even our mental powers.—T. PESCH.

FOLLOW UP!

STUDENTS of Theosophy are accustomed to think in terms of cyclic law, or indeed, if such is not their custom, they have at least had their attention drawn to the need to do so. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for battle?" Forty-three years ago our leader, W. Q. Judge, waged in London, almost single-handed, his Homeric battle against the forces of darkness. Staying alone, in the house of enemies, from the 5th to the 19th July, 1894, he fought the combined forces of treachery, malevolence, spite, betrayal; answered the charges levelled against him, and defended the Cause of the Masters, not in his own right but by their power. Because he won, we, as a Society, are alive to-day. The following year, on July 5th, 1895, the few loyal members who remained in London, separated themselves from the treacherous "Parent Society", and re-organized the T.S. in Europe on the lines laid down at the Boston Convention earlier in the year. Thus the "Theosophical Bridge" between East and West was maintained and strengthened, that Bridge which is also a gateway "for egos who incarnate in the silent work of making a new Race".[1]

Ten years before the "trial" in London, in the summer of 1884, the great attack had been launched by the Psychical Research Society, an attempt to wreck the patient, constructive work of the T.S. since its foundation. From both attacks the Work itself emerged the stronger, more fitted to stand the strain of repeated conflict in the years to come.

The very name of H.P.B. sounds the lion note, H.P.B., "adept in all the noble arts of righteous war".[2] Think of her, and one can almost hear the roll of the drums that reverberate through the first books of the *Bhagavad Gîta*, the Pandu army drawn up for battle, Krishna standing in his great chariot, Arjuna sinking down in despondency at the thought of slaying his own kindred; then the rousing words of the Warrior Lord, "Arise, O son of Kunti, gird thyself for the fight". Only six years ago, in July, the T.S. celebrated the centenary of the birth of the founder of the T.S.[3] She had spent the last years of her heroic warfare in Europe, dwelling in London since 1887,—years which saw her greatest output of literary and other work, leaving as lasting records *The Secret Doctrine*, *Key to Theosophy*, *Voice of the Silence*, *Theosophical Glossary*. With reference to her stay in London, she stated in a letter[4] that she was going to "galvanize a corpse" which would later turn to destroy her; but she predicted that America would prevail. Her birthday, coming in July, reminds us that this month is dedicated to all Warriors, radiant in the light of the Sun at its Zenith, illumined by the rays of the Lion of Judah, sacred of old to Mithras the Mediator. In

[1] See *Theosophy*, Vol. XI, 1896-1897, p. 262, "On the Future", by W. Q. Judge; reprinted from *Lucifer*, 1892.
[2] Thus described by W. Q. J. in the *Path*.
[3] See *Theosophical Quarterly*, Vol. XXIX, July, 1931.
[4] See *Irish Theosophist*, Vol. III, May, 1895.

the midst of the chaos and darkness of this world the Warriors fight, as in the realms of light, fight to win their true place in the ranks of the Lodge, and when they have won it, fight all the harder to maintain their position. *Les combats de la vie sont incessants; guerre en soi, guerre pour soi, défense aux autres, soutien des blessés, sus au mal, a l'ennemi luciférien tant de fois triomphant.*[5]

Just twenty-three years ago, in the summer of 1914, the inner warfare was brought to a focus in the outer War in which allied European nations were instantly involved in hand-to-hand conflict with the powers of evil; and because of the consistent appeal of the leaders of the T.S. in America, the U. S. A. won, at long last, her right and privilege to fight on the side of the armies of the Lord. In that warfare men found themselves, for in them arose again all the traditions of the knighthood of old. Through the horror and darkness of fighting conditions in this century, they could yet discern the lighted trail of the Quest of olden times. In them rose up, to fight and to conquer, the courage of the warriors of old,—bronze-clad Persians, Assyrians with winged lion for emblem, ancient Egyptians, worshippers of the Sun-god Ra, Indian Rajputs, Chinese and Japanese warriors who see death in the clouds and defy it. In them arose the valour of all the European fighting nations, Greek hoplites, Roman legionaries, Gallic men-at-arms, Celtic warriors, Norsemen and Danes, Vikings from over the sea. In them was reborn the spirit of the ancient Phœnicians, Etruscans, Pelasgians, the explorers, adventurers, colonizers, on to the days of the Pilgrim Fathers and the heroic early settlers in northern America. In them was renewed the ancient chivalric code, from the times of the Arab and Moorish conquerors, through the days of the Crusades and of mediæval chivalry,—the fighting spirit of Templars and Knights, of the captains who fought under Joan of Arc (and her Leaders), the generals who conquered under Napoleon the Emperor. The true fighters in the great War were fashioned of the same steel that has hardened every soldier to endure, at all times, in all climes, in the scorching sun of desert wastes, in the bleak cold of frozen wilderness. In their thousands they fought and died, and left their earthly vesture on every battlefield, their finest memorial those words of Thucydides: "The whole earth is the sepulchre of heroic men . . . their story is not graven only in stone . . . it abides everywhere without visible symbol . . . woven into the stuff of other men's lives."

In our days the warfare continues, more pressing than ever; and we have learned to be afraid of eloquent words that find no corresponding response in consistent action, steadfastly maintained on a level with the ideals set up. As to this it is written: "First the ideal . . . and then the daily trudge onward, when the splendour has faded from view, but is all the more closely wrapped round the heart. . . . Let us hold to a religion which, while it exults in being the secret of enthusiasm and the inspiration of heroism, is daring and Divine enough to find its climax in the commonplace."[6] Within the commonplace is to be found the battleground of daily life, with every opportunity for adventure and chivalry. But we must needs learn to restrain, check, direct all false impulses,

[5] *Chrétienne*, by Mme. Adam.
[6] George Adam Smith.

remembering that by patience alone we may "possess our souls". That patience can only be won at the cost of heroic self-sacrifice, looking ever to the example and leadership of the Masters of Wisdom, the Warrior Lords, who are the living pattern of all true chivalry, of the Knighthood of the Cross. It is their call which resounds through the ages: what is the response from soldier-hearts?

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

So the War-cry is "Forward", where the banner moves on, borne aloft by the Standard-Bearers of the Lodge. Across the sacred oriflamme shines out, in letters of fire: "Upward and onward for evermore"! Companions of old have responded to that call. Once a fellow-worker of Mr. Judge, who understood the need to rally to the defence of the leader, wrote of the fact that the sword (which is kept sheathed in the case of every personal attack) must be instantly unsheathed to defend a Companion. "Such was the ethical code of the steel-clad seekers for the Holy Grail, and of the mailed Templars . . . who fought 'under the red cross of the Four Powers of the Hidden Majesty'." In that Sign shall we conquer, for it is the watch-word of brotherhood given by H.P.B. in her Convention message of 1889.[7]

The ancient sign, the Master's accolade, is given to those who earn it by right of conquest. "Through this sign *hast* thou conquered", the holy letters I.H.S. (the sign on the Labarum, the standard with eagle as emblem)[8] belong to the Brothers of the Light, who have fought and won and still fight on. "The Cross descends from the sun and covers the whole earth. In that sign shall each man conquer, raising himself by the ladder of light within him and without him. . . . The square gives place to the X and all is light."[9]

How shall we conquer, children of dust and earth and sin? Even by that knowledge that we are sons of God, children of the light, when at last we have the courage to claim and hold our inheritance. How shall we win, single-handed against the forces of evil arrayed against us? Not single-handed indeed, single-hearted is the word, in the ranks of the Fellowship which is one army under the Warrior Lord. In that unity is our strength, to fight and fall and fight again; relying on that "united spirit of life", which is our only true self, we may at last win through to victory for Him.

Draw near together, none be last or first,
We are no longer names, but one desire,
With the same burning of the soul we thirst,
And the same wine to-night shall quench our fire.[10]

MILES C.

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[7] Reprinted in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, January, 1934.
[8] See *Theosophical Glossary.*
[9] *Freemasonry and the Ancient Gods,* by J. S. M. Ward.
[10] Newbolt: *Sacramentum Supremum.*

T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Morning Session

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was called to order at 64, Washington Mews, New York, at 10.30 o'clock, on Saturday morning, April 24th, 1937, by Mr. Hargrove, Chairman of the Executive Committee, who served as Temporary Chairman of the Convention. A Committee on Credentials was appointed, consisting of Mr. H. B. Mitchell, Miss Perkins, and Mr. Kobbé, to confer and report at once.

Address of the Temporary Chairman

Mr. Hargrove: While the Committee is at work, it is my privilege to welcome you to our Convention. It should be much more than an official or personal welcome. We assemble in the name of the Masters of the Great Lodge, and, in will and desire, in order to serve them; and we must keep that objective constantly before us while we meet, because some of us learned years ago, that that which is said here, if it be said with conviction, with understanding, from the heart, and above all for their sakes rather than for our own,—carries far indeed. We are not speaking only to a group of members and delegates. Because of what that group represents, because of the way in which it is supported by the Lodge,—every word and every thought and aspiration, going forth from this place on this occasion, reaches throughout the world's atmosphere. And we have an advantage, in a sense, over Masters, since we, for them, are speaking on the level of those in hell. We are in direct contact with the world, and in so far as, in these moments, we can overcome the world within ourselves; in so far as the past year's efforts, and this occasion, lift us above ourselves, to that extent we can be sure of reinforcement, and of the transmission of what is truly said and felt to every mind and heart on earth that is in the least degree open to the truth.

In the nature of things, it is an immense pleasure once more to greet you. Old faces, familiar faces, which we are ever-increasingly glad to see again; newer faces, equally welcome—because while all represent the present, there are some who can speak for the past, and others who are the promise of the

future. And I want to repeat what I said once before on a similar occasion; I want to remind the newer members of the Parable of the lord of the vineyard and his labourers. You will remember that those who were called to service late, were treated exactly as those who had borne the burden and heat of the day. It must of necessity be true that the longer we have been in the Movement, the more gladly shall we welcome those who, because of their devotion, because of their self-forgetfulness, develop within themselves the spiritual perception that will enable us to look up to them. There can be no organization anywhere in which the older members would more thankfully give place to the new. So it will not be for lack of encouragement if the newer members do not make good; not for any conscious lack of helpfulness on our part if one or two or three or many do not force their way through to that place where they will know of a certainty that the inner world is the real world, and that Masters always have, and still do, guide this Movement along the way it should go, for the purpose for which it was founded, until at last its work is done.

Once more, then, on behalf of the Executive Committee, I welcome you.

The Report of the Committee on Credentials was then called for, presented, and accepted; next, Mr. H. B. Mitchell was elected Chairman of the Convention, and Miss Perkins and Miss Chickering, Secretary and Assistant Secretary.

Address of the Chairman

The Chairman: Each of us speaks here for himself. It is our custom to put that on record at the beginning of our proceedings, so that the freedom of the Society shall be in no way impaired. Yet each one who speaks here must feel that he is speaking for something far greater than himself or his fellows, for more, even, than the Society, which explicitly stands uncommitted by what he says. He feels that he is speaking in the presence of, and under the pressure of, the Wholeness of Truth, of which his own truths and his fellows' are but fragments,—under the pressure of that guidance which, as Mr. Hargrove has said, has never failed the Society; in the presence of the great Lodge of Masters from which that guidance comes. It is this overshadowing of the imperfect by the Perfect, this sense of the whole that inheres in the part, this sure knowledge that Truth exists, changeless and eternal, and that the inner world is at hand,—it is this which is my theme to-day.

Three Questions, and Their Answer

It is my theme because in it is the answer to three questions which I asked myself, as I thought of what the great founders of our Society would wish said at this Convention. The first was: What, of all the gifts the Theosophical Movement has brought us, do we most desire to make sure will be passed on unimpaired to our successors? The answer to that question would tell us what should be most emphasized here, among ourselves, when we consider our duty as the trustees of those gifts.

The second question was: What, among all the manifold needs of the world,

is its most crucial need? That would tell how we should speak to that need, in the knowledge that here, year after year, is repeated the miracle of the loaves and the fishes, so that the power of what is said is multiplied a thousand times because it is said here, and because of what is focussed here and flows out from here to the world.

And finally, the third question: What is it that makes these Conventions so peculiarly dear to us, setting them apart from ordinary gatherings and conferences of friends and comrades, so that, for many of us, the Convention of the Society is the culmination of the year? That would show us where to look, and what to keep constantly in mind, that we might make the best use of the day.

The answer to all three questions is the same, and is found in the consciousness of the power and the presence of Eternal Truth, and the power and the presence of its Servants, the Lodge of Masters. Of all the gifts the Theosophical Movement has brought us, none is more inclusive, more potent to reproduce from within itself all else that we have received, than our knowledge of the Masters. Of all the needs of the world to-day, none goes deeper, none is more sorely needed, than to regain its lost recognition of the existence and supreme authority of the unchanging Truth. And in that dual recognition which we have, of the Perfect in which our imperfect is upheld, of the Whole of which we are but parts, is the secret of the sympathy and understanding, the close, dear comradeship, that we find here.

Change Lays not her Hand upon Truth

Theosophy has given us this awareness of the inner world which both interpenetrates and transcends the visible world of our physical senses, and which is lit everywhere and for ever by the unfading Light of the Spirit, moved only by what is itself moveless, changing only to reveal more of the changeless Truth. Yet it has no name. We are faced by that problem whenever we try to talk of the Real, which gleams beyond us and draws forth our love and worship. Call it God, call it the Platonic Trinity of the Good, the True, the Beautiful, call it Theosophy, or the Eternal Wisdom, or the Perfect, or what you will,—but know that it is there. Know that there is a Completeness in which our incompleteness is made whole; that above all change, is the Changeless; above all opinion, is the immutable, inviolable Truth; that "Change lays not her hand upon Truth".

We do not need, to-day, to remind ourselves that we live in a world of change. On every side we hear of the "new" this and the "new" that, and looking in vain for former things, are told that they have passed away. But the more rapid and radical the change, the more vital it is that we should remember ceaselessly that we live equally in a world of Truth, the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, and that, in the swirling flux of the temporal, we should hold steadfastly to the Eternal.

Our Motto and Seal

"There is no religion higher than Truth." All that I am saying might be said as a commentary upon our motto and seal, as we see them there on the

shield above Mr. Judge's bust. In the centre of the seal is the *crux ansata*, or *ankh*, the symbol of immortal life, the spark of the Eternal individualized in the soul. Around it are the interlaced triangles, the symbol of the "ever becoming" and of manifestation, through which life evolves,—the triangles pointing up and down, forward and backward, linking spirit and matter, the past and the future, the already formed and the potential that is yet unborn. And around that again, circumscribing the world of duality and change, is the symbol of the Changeless, the circle of Eternity, the serpent swallowing its tail, in which the end is as the beginning, and alpha and omega are one, uniting through the Wheel of the Law. Thus the Eternal is both the centre and the circumference of the temporal. It is both immanent and transcendent; both the source and goal of change. The long evolution of life is the action of the Changeless Perfect drawing to itself and its own perfection its imperfect fragments.

Evolution: the Response of the Imperfect to the Perfect

I should like to make this as clear as I can, and to that end we may consider a contrast presented by pictures in the two museums on opposite sides of Central Park, in this city. On the western side is the American Museum of Natural History, in whose Hall of Man are exhibited modern, imaginative paintings of "primitive" humanity, purporting to represent reconstructions, made in accordance with the evolutionary theories of our western anthropologists, from some fragments of skull or jaw-bone found buried in deep-lying strata of the earth. All of us are familiar with such pictures. Typically, they show a more or less human figure, unkempt, as animals are not, but with a wholly brutish expression, coming forth, club in hand, from a cave; and the notable thing about them, to any student of Theosophy, is that, in thus making the body human and the face brutish, the artist has reversed the attributes of flesh and spirit, so as to represent degenerating, not evolving, humanity. For the body, the vesture, of any living thing is woven of its past; but the expression of its countenance is the stamp of its spirit and the forecast of its future. Primitive man, if such there ever was, may have had the body of a brute, but in his eyes would have been the aspiration which made him human. The museum's "history" is fiction.

On the other, the eastern, side of the Park is the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where we may see some of the earliest surviving records of man's own account and picture of himself. What they show us is the human soul in worship and in prayer. The murals from the tombs of Egypt are not the oldest records, but they are typical; for however deep we dig, wherever we find man telling of himself in art, he tells of his religion. He paints himself with hands uplifted to his gods,—his vision of the Perfect, to whom he, imperfect, owes worship and obedience; in whom is the power to uphold and save, or, in judgment, to condemn and destroy. In that worship and obedience is the moving power of evolution, so far as it acts from within and not merely from without through the pressure of necessity. The ability to grow is the ability to surrender what is, for the better that may be, and, so far as it is a conscious or willed process,

it is dependent upon a love that forgets self wholly, in its desire to serve the object of its worship. The whole story can be read in the eyes of a dog; and it is the same story that the art of ascending man is for ever trying to tell of his own indwelling spirit. Here "art" is history. The two museums have reversed their rôles.

The Perfect in the Imperfect: the Whole Immanent in its Parts

I hope to return later to a consideration of growth, as symbolized in the intertwined triangles of our seal, but I am immediately concerned with the Changeless Perfect which circumscribes it and which is reflected at its heart. It is always the Perfect that supports the imperfect. It is only through the Eternal that the temporal can be, even for its time. In the philosophy of the Middle Ages, the philosophy which Dante illumined, there is an illustration which we may borrow, for it is entirely in accord with our most modern science. It is drawn from the universe of light. Our sight is but the capacity to receive and respond to light. All that we see, when we see anything at all, is some modification of universal light. As we look around this room and see one another's faces, or the beauty and varied colouring of the flowers, we are seeing light and only light,—seeing in each only what each has been able or willing to take to itself and assimilate of the wholeness of light poured out upon it. It is the same light, whole and lacking nothing, that is given to all; but one reflects it in this form, and another in that; one as red, another as yellow, another as blue. Yet we see them at all only because each is, however limited, still some facet of light,—because of the Perfect Whole which is immanent in the imperfect fragment.

That is the first lesson our illustration should make clear. There is a second, equally important. Whence comes the light, by which we see these flowers and each other? It is not of the earth. It is of the sun. It is solar light, heavenly light. It is light from beyond the world that alone enables us to see the world. If we reject the light of heaven, we reject all vision of earth. Earth becomes dark to us; and in the deepening twilight where sight fails, fancy becomes its substitute, with its will-o'-the-wisps of false hope and its ghosts of baseless fear.

That which is true of human sight is correspondingly true of the human intellect, which is but the capacity to receive and respond to the universal thought. Whatever we think, we think with divine intelligence, as we see with divine light. We open our minds to elements which we strain from the universal mind, rejecting other elements, to which we are impervious, or which we are unwilling to accept. By these selections and rejections our thought, being made partial, is constantly falsified; but nevertheless it is always a fragment of the divine thought,—no matter how distorted, or even perverted. We think only with the thought of God; and in our thought God thinks. In every activity of the finite, there is the Infinite supporting it.

This is as true of love as of sight and thought. It is "from above", and cannot survive if separated from what is above. Particulars can be linked only by universals. The brotherhood of man exists only through the fatherhood of

God; and if the love of God be not in our love for any man, then is that love not love, but either fancy or self-seeking. To shut out the divine is to shut out the human.

Worship and Growth

As we gain clearer recognition of this relation of the temporal to the Eternal, so that the Perfect is seen always both circumscribing and supporting the imperfect, and immanent and active in its heart, we find it clarifying our view of all life's processes. This is notably true in the whole field of religious philosophy, though we can only pause to point to it here. Faith, hope and love are three aspects of the response evoked in the imperfect by its vision of the Perfect,—these three, and the humility, which is their basis, in the perception of self as the imperfect. From them comes obedience, the free-willed obedience which is the turning of the imperfect to the Perfect, so that its judgments become commands. As the intent of any act inevitably serves as the standard by which the result is judged, so the Perfect, by being the Perfect, inevitably judges and presses upon the imperfect, both from within and from without,—from the Perfect immanent within us, as aspiration and the voice of conscience; from the Perfect transcending us, as the Divine Will we worship. This ceaseless judgment and pressure of the Perfect, and the response which the imperfect makes to it, are the moving power of growth and evolution,—as we said before, and as our seal symbolizes.

The two triangles represent the two sides of our nature, the higher and the lower; broadly speaking the good and the bad, but good and bad because the one points up and forward in line with the drawing, the attraction, of the Perfect, and the other points down and back, against that drawing, toward the imperfect to which we cling. Thus the one symbolizes the past and matter, and the pull of the body. The other tells us of what we see beyond and above us, the vision which we worship and to which we aspire in love and emulation. The point of this triangle is for ever breaking through the base of the other, for ever breaking through the base of what *has been* formed (whether it be the vesture of our thought and hopes and desires, or the physical body that clothes the soul), necessitating "reforming" and "redressing" of what has been formed and clothed imperfectly. He who worships finds the object of his worship always compelling such growth and change. It speaks with the voice of authority. Its revelation of itself, in response to the appeal of worship, brings ceaseless judgment and condemnation,—showing us to be "far off, in the region of unlikeness". But also it brings faith and hope in the possibility of drawing nearer, of transforming self, through love and obedience, into the closer likeness of what we love. Always it is the Eternal that draws us forth. It is through worship that life has risen. Do not let us think that man alone worships. All life worships. Can we see a flower grow, and not see its worship? Or a mountain? Or a tree at dawn? At the heart of all is the spark of the Eternal, being drawn back in worship to its Source.

This is true of all life, but of ourselves something more is true. How is the Eternal conceived by us? As we ponder that question, we come to see that

it is not worship of the Perfect in an abstract or general sense that leads us forward, but in the particular and very concrete sense of hero-worship,—for our clearest revelation of the Perfect is in perfect Man. We know what courage means through those who are courageous; we know what truth is, through those who seek it and conform their lives to it. It is the "Great of Soul", the Mahatmas, who, through their incarnation of the Perfect, reveal it to us, interpreting for us what lies deep in our hearts, and who have thus led mankind along the long road it has travelled. It is they, our Elder Brothers, who lead us to-day.

The closer union with our fellows, the enhanced inspiration and resolve, the sense of coming home, that we feel in these Conventions, are all due to the drawing nearer to the Masters which we here achieve, as we concern ourselves with their work and will, putting aside our own worldly affairs. Our personal preoccupations veil the inner light, as the clouds that form in the earth's atmosphere veil the sun; and when these are put away, and the light of the Perfect shines through, we experience more consciously and keenly all the action of the Perfect upon the imperfect, such as we have discussed. Therefore where the Masters are, we are closest to our fellows. Where they are, the light is clearer by which we see; the power stronger by which we act. For the Masters are the links which unite us to the Perfect, and which unite us, also, to those we love.

The World Without Worship

We turn away from what Theosophy has given us and look out upon the world. The contrast between what we see there and what we find here in this room, is sharp,—nowhere more sharp than in the world's lack of that sense of the overshadowing Perfect which fills our hearts and minds. We look upon a world that has lost the habit and the supporting power of worship; lost, as we said before, its recognition of the existence and supreme authority of Eternal Truth. The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork, but our generation has been taught to close its eyes and ears. By law, our public schools are forbidden to teach religion. Our science has explicitly limited its field to those aspects of nature that can be described without reference to purpose or significance. Thus, in the common thought of the day, man's sentient life has been isolated from the rest of being, and that life, and its inherent though deep-buried awareness of the moral law, have been left without the support of reason rooted in universal truths. Modern man's myopic eyes no longer focus beyond the limits of his man-made world. In consequence, he sees no limit to that world, nothing to prevent his doing with it what he pleases; nor does he know how narrow and insecure it has become, for he has no longer any independent standard by which to measure it. He has given economics the place of religion, and, looking only to the earth, has substituted his material and personal desires for the judgment of the Perfect in Beauty, Holiness and Truth.

Two things have resulted which it concerns us to note. The first is that which our illustration showed we must expect. In shutting out the light from beyond the world, man has become unable to see the world, and, in the failure

of sight, he follows the *ignis fatuus* of fancy. The whole of life is falsified, and words, phrases, pictures, projected by our desires and our fears—psychic counterfeits of every kind—are substituted for reality.

Psychic Substitutes for Truth

It would not be fitting to take time to-day to expand this aspect of my theme, but it is important that we should, in our own thinking, be ceaselessly alert to reject such counterfeits, for they are all about us and are offered us as genuine every day. Think, for example, of the "movies", and their pictures of love, marriage, business, pleasure, crime. Nothing is portrayed as it is; nor even as the author or director believed it to be; but rather as he believed the "masses" fancy it to be, or desire or fear it to be. We can—and if we have any respect for our own mental integrity, we do—stay away from the "movies"; but the same counterfeit presentments crowd upon us through the press, not only in the tabloids, but in periodicals and books that purport to express no opinion of their own, but to confine themselves to impartial summaries of facts. One such, a weekly of wide circulation through our whole country, now displays each week upon its cover a photograph of "timely interest". One week it was of an air raid on Madrid,—fireworks and wrecked buildings in the background, and a pitiful mother with her baby in the foreground. Another week it was a photograph of a "dog's toilet",—a dog being manicured and brushed by a liveried maid and valet. Again, it was a "tramps' encampment", comic clowns around a fire. Not one of these photographs was genuine. All were posed in a studio. Not one of them was even pointed at reality; for it cannot be supposed that the photographer honestly thought that, in becoming homeless, a man became a clown and gained access to a theatrical wardrobe for his clothes. Nor can he have thought that his "dog's toilet" represented routine in the homes of the rich. No, he neither tried to depict the facts, nor his own concept or interpretation of the facts. He tried, instead, to imagine how the facts might lie reflected and distorted in the minds of the "masses", and to reflect these reflections back to them, their falsities posed as truth. So does popular education confirm prejudice and ignorance, and substitute the counterfeit for the real. Love, marriage, poverty and riches, virtue and vice, are our neighbours in the city or the country, to be known as they are, in their concrete reality, without the intermediary of letters. Yet the thought of the day is based largely upon the falsehoods and psychic counterfeits of fiction. We are not endorsing Plato's judgment that he would banish poets from his Republic, since they are but imitators of imitations of the Real, but is there not that in our own experience which gives warrant for it?

There is the classic example of Mr. Wells's *Outline of History*. He criticizes encyclopædias of universal history as lacking the unity of having been "passed through one single mind". His own history has been so passed; and because the mind through which it has been strained, and from which it is reflected back to us, is, in its conceit and sentimentality and materialism, impervious to any recognition of a Perfect transcending his own concept of himself, not only is the picture he presents a psychic reflection from a warped and distorting

mirror, but the very substance of it has been poisoned and made venomous. So is the thought of our times ceaselessly poisoned.

Or again, consider how spurious are the abstractions and generic terms which we substitute for concrete reality in our theorizing. "The labouring man", who probably labours less than most of us here, and for whom laws are asked to make him labour even less. The "liberal", who stands pre-eminently for narrow restriction and compulsion. But the list is endless, and anyone may continue it for himself. Our first point is made if it is clear that, on every side, the world, having rejected the Divine, has lost its hold upon the real, and now deals, instead, with psychic counterfeits.

The Turning Backward of Desire

The second point we have to note is that, as man ceases to worship, he ceases to grow. Evolution turns back upon itself when, in the loss of the vision and desire for the Perfect, the power that moved the imperfect is cut off, and there is nothing to counteract the dead weight of the past. Then man, lacking, as we saw, any standard of value external to himself, chooses "the dearer" rather than "the better", and, thus choosing, abandons himself to degeneracy and decay. This is a truth to which theosophic literature returns again and again. So Death speaks, in the *Katha Upanishad*, "The better is one thing, the dearer is another thing; these two bind a man in opposite ways. Of these two, it is well for him who takes the better; he fails of his object who chooses the dearer." So Christ bade his disciples, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect". But it is the world, and not themselves, that men now wish to alter; not Christ, would they follow, but the Persian poet, "To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire . . . shatter it to bits, and then remould it nearer to the heart's desire." But the heart's desire clings to the past and to satisfactions which, having served their turn, should now be held in check that they may give place to new. To follow them is to turn backward.

Self-Preservation Sought in Subordination to the Divine

We spoke of this a year ago, in connection with Dr. Carrel's finding, as a physiologist, that the advances in science and civilization, enabling man to avoid hardship and indulge his desires, have corrupted and enfeebled his entire organism. The same conclusion has been reached from the psychological approach by Dr. Henry C. Link, Director of the Psychological Service Centre in New York, as the result of his study of the lives and problems of thousands of people whom he had been called upon to advise. But Dr. Link's outstanding contribution is his demonstration that the primary cause of the ailments and maladjustments, little and big, which afflicted these people and robbed them of happiness, was their rejection of religion; and that in the return to religion and the subordination of self to its discipline and truths, lay the road to their cure. *The Return to Religion* is the title of his book. He tells us that he and his wife had both been educated out of religion by their college and professional training, and for some twenty years had congratulated themselves upon their emancipation and superiority to it, until, little by little, he realized that it was precisely

the counsels of religion which he, as scientist and specialist, was daily prescribing to those who consulted him. When he realized this, he was forced to conclude that he should take his own medicine. He does not pretend that he is in love with religion. He tells us frankly that he goes to church because he hates to go but knows that it does him good. He is much like a man who, having jilted a girl when he heard she had lost her fortune, returns to marry her when he learns the report was unfounded and that she is still rich. The thirsting heart of the mystic will find little of its own within the book, but every honest intellect will find direct, outspoken honesty, and truths too little recognized, which, once faced, can neither be disputed nor ignored. He tells us that no discovery of modern science is more important or more sure than psychology's proof that self-sacrifice and discipline are essential to self-realization and happiness; and though other interests (including the necessity of earning a living) may compel such subordination of self, only religion embodies the principle as the major premise of a normal life. He exhibits the folly of our western glorification of the intellect at the cost of the "disintegration of the basic values which make the intellect worth having", so that "the vice of education" produces "fools of reason", who, unable and unwilling to reform themselves, seek, as a substitute, to reform the world. We may grant that the argument is directed, paradoxically, to self-interest, above which religion should lift us; but for that very reason it is the kind of argument suited to a fortune-hunting generation which has thrown religion away. We should be able to use many of his conclusions in our own work, and it is a hopeful sign that the book should have become a "best seller", as did Dr. Carrel's.

Self-Preservation Sought in the Denial of the Divine

We have, however, to contrast it with another "best seller", *Mathematics for the Million*, by Lancelot Hogben. Of the author, M.A., D.Sc., Fellow of the Royal Society, and Professor of Social Biology in the University of London, I know no more than what *Who's Who* and his own books reflect; but that is enough for our purpose. A very clever student at Cambridge, where Bertrand Russell's influence is strong, he appears to have formed his mind in the essentially shoddy school of thought which puts mere cleverness above all else. That school includes men of many professions, but they are alike in their arrogance, intolerance and bitterness. Knowing themselves to be clever, and early winning scholastic recognition, but failing to receive other rewards commensurate with their concept of their deserts, their dissatisfaction does not prompt them to seek to change themselves, but makes them rabid to change the world. Above all, they are rabid against religion and any idea of a Perfect, with its inevitable implication of a standard of worth to which they do not conform. They are to be left as they are, and the world changed to satisfy them as they are. In them, evolution is to reach a dead end.

From the time of Egypt and of Greece, the perfection of the relations of form and of number which Mathematics reveals, has been read by men as a reflection of the perfection of the Eternal, which gives meaning and value to the imperfection of the temporal. Dr. Hogben will have none of this, and devotes the

opening pages of his book to its ridicule, as the invention of a priestcraft which, he would have us believe, now as then, is always striving to keep knowledge and power away from "the people". Throughout the volume, no matter what be the process or principle he expounds, it is first stripped of all that can ennoble, and then is made the carrier for his materialistic philosophy and propaganda for social change. It comes to us as an English forerunner of what the Nazi Ministry of Propaganda must have had in mind, when they announced that, in the future, German science must be made subservient to the doctrines of the German state. It is this which has made me think it of sufficient importance to mention here. Dr. Link, in discussing the deleterious effect of most modern education upon the formation of personality, excepted mathematics as the one school-subject which acted favourably, and contained within itself a standard of perfection and a rigour of discipline which inculcated precise, sustained and closely knit habits of thought and work. It is just this standard of perfection and rigour of discipline, which Dr. Hogben employs all his indisputable cleverness and skill to destroy. As we said earlier of Mr. Wells's *Outline of History*, so we must say of this book of Dr. Hogben's, which Mr. Wells unstintingly commends: it is a great and noble theme, degraded, poisoned and made venomous by having been passed through an envenomed mind.

The Call to Battle, the Call of the Eternal to the Temporal

There we may leave these two books. Each appeals to man's self-interest: the one, to seek satisfaction by changing the self; the other, by changing everything but the self. The one aspires to subordinate and merge itself in what is above itself; the other, to subordinate all things to what it, itself, already is. On the plane of man's thought of his own self-interest they confront one another. Unimportant though they would otherwise be, on that plane they may illustrate for us the intertwined and opposing triangles of our seal, symbolizing the age-long conflict involved in evolution and growth, which is not other than the conflict between the White and the Black Lodge.

In that conflict this Society, founded by the Masters of the White Lodge, has its part to play. And thus from this Convention, as from all that have been held, whether it be heard and recognized or not, goes forth a call to arms and battle. It is the call of the Eternal to the temporal. When we point to the circle of the Infinite, in which the end and the beginning are the same, we are not looking to something that can excuse inaction and inertia, or a mere clinging to the old. We are pointing, rather, as we have reiterated, to the dynamic power which moves the universe, the action of the Perfect upon the imperfect which compels ceaseless change, and to which we must respond if we would live. Behold, I make all things new. Thus spake the Christ, the Power of God and the Wisdom of God. Only by that divine action, only as it is renewed from within itself, can our Movement survive. It is a call to the new, a call to youth. Youth is not asked to put its new wine into old bottles—the form as well as the substance will be new—but it is asked to remember that the grapes, from which its new wine is to be pressed, must be grown by its labour and sacrifice to-day, as by its fathers' labour and sacrifice in the past. There

will be no grapes, no harvest and no wine, unless it be the Changeless that guides and circumscribes the change.

In the Presence of the Eternal

So we, too, end as we began, with the knowledge pressing on us that here, in this Convention, we stand in the presence of the Eternal. As members of this Society, founded by the Masters to serve the Truth which they serve, than which "no religion is higher", we stand before them. In them, and in that service, in their warfare to which they call us, we may find the Truth—their Truth—perfect, immutable, and whole, and the Truth shall make us free.

The Chairman then called for the report of the Secretary T. S.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY T. S.

MISS PERKINS: I have the honour to submit the following Report:

Branch Activities

All the Branches report an encouraging year, and as we shall find ample evidence of this in their letters of greeting to be read this afternoon, I shall not attempt to indicate in this report the special lines followed by each Branch: the fruit of the year's endeavour is embodied in their letters to the Convention. All speak of the marked unity and solidarity among Branch members, and some connect this, directly, with their increasing sense of obligation to keep alive in the world the principles and ideals of Theosophy,—to give them incarnation through personal and united effort. The cessation of the New York Branch Reports is felt to be a distinct loss, but our members couple with their regret, sincere gratitude to the memory of Miss Dodge for the service she had so long rendered by the preparation of them. Serious illness among Branch officers has forced members of several Branches to stand shoulder-to-shoulder in carrying out their plans for the year, and two Branches have suffered serious loss: the Arvika Branch, Sweden, in the death of its President, Mr. J. E. Jonsson, who was infusing new life and energy into its work; the Norfolk Branch of England, in the death of Mrs. Graves, so well known to us all by her annual account of activities there. The new Secretary writes: "Our Branch has suffered much sorrow in the recent death of Mrs. Graves, its devoted Secretary for a quarter of a century—ever since the time of its foundation. Her loyal years of service are a part of the inheritance of the Branch, nor can its members feel that she is absent from their work, though she has passed on to join the ranks of those who are fighting on the further side." The Branches in Europe have continued to contribute to some Allied Relief Fund the amount they paid the Society in dues prior to 1929, and the Society has again received, from one of its members, as yearly since 1929, a special donation that more than reimburses the Treasury for the sum thus diverted from it.

The Theosophical Quarterly

The widening influence of our magazine is reflected in communications received from non-members who read it in the libraries. When launching the QUARTERLY in July, 1903, Mr. Clement A. Griscom set forth its purposes in

an editorial announcement, in the first paragraph of which he said: "It has no plans that are not fluidic and subject to change with changing conditions"; he concluded with this challenge, "Members should consider it a duty to send in questions they want answered". His plans, however, were so well laid and so comprehensive that the growth of the magazine in these 34 years represents their fulfilment rather than a change of direction or method. To-day, good questions are even more in demand. It must be evident also, that since death has taken from us more than one older student whose contributions to the magazine were constant and varied, loyal support on our part requires our best effort to supply suitable material. If every member who has ever written an article for the QUARTERLY were to make it a matter of conscience to prepare another for submission by August 1st, the labour of the Editors would surely be lessened, and the gratitude of our membership given very practical expression. It should be added, however, that response to this suggestion would increase instead of lessen the labour of the Editors, if manuscripts submitted require much correction and revision. Whenever possible, a contributor should ask some friend who has had experience of writing for publication, to criticize and clarify his article before he sends it to the QUARTERLY.

Book Department

The business of supplying standard theosophical books has been conducted as usual by the Quarterly Book Department, an organization that provides its own capital, but operates solely for the purpose of carrying out the plans of the Society. During the year, several of its publications have been reprinted, which is evidence of sustained interest in the fidelity with which they interpret ancient scriptures, and represent the Theosophy of Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge.

Secretary's Office

When additional assistance was needed this winter, two of our younger members, of the latest generation so to speak, volunteered for service, having prepared themselves by special training in office requirements; the prospect is that they will soon be able to attend to the distribution of our magazine and books. Other New York members, whose aid is gratefully acknowledged, are co-operating as usual; and the Assistant Secretary, to whom we are all deeply indebted for her full report of Convention proceedings, is always ready to help.

It would be gratifying if more general use were made of our "Travelling Library", a modest collection of standard books on Theosophy that can be sent by mail to members and inquirers. There is no charge for the loan of these books and the procedure is very simple. It is also possible to lend bound volumes of the early numbers of the QUARTERLY, which few members possess, and of the oldest theosophical magazines, in which H.P.B. and Mr. Judge fought the battles of the Movement, giving at the same time much instruction in practical applications of Theosophy. Would not our isolated members-at-large be stimulated and encouraged by such reading,—by companioning those leaders in their trials and their victory? Distant members frequently ask if

some of the work of the Secretary's Office could not be sent to them. This is seldom possible, but may I suggest that typing magazine envelopes, tying up book parcels, writing letters, can accomplish little for the Movement when done as ends in themselves; but, wherever we may be stationed, we contribute to its success if we have at heart Ruskin's motto: "There is no action so slight that it may not be done to a great purpose, nor is any purpose so great that slight actions may not be so done as to help it much."

No account of the year could be concluded without mention of the older students, trained and trusted by Mr. Judge, who stand at the centre of our activities and under whose guidance it is our great privilege to serve, apprenticed to him through them. When occasion requires, they are quick to see how errors may be rectified and generous in indicating the origin of our mistakes, whether in motive, understanding or method. Thus helping us to feel after the will of Masters who stand behind the Movement, they make us lower links in that great hierarchical chain that stretches beyond our boldest imagining. Gratitude to them wells up wherever members are gathered to-day, but how is the Society to express this; that is, how put it into action? To-day, the T. S. begins a new year; it would be well started if, here in the presence of our comrades, seen and unseen, and of the "Great Companions", each heart were to record an unalterable resolution that the high mission of the Society shall be fulfilled.

Respectfully submitted,

I. E. Perkins,

Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

This report was unanimously accepted "with the sincerest thanks of the Society to the Secretary", who, in turn, requested the Chairman to express the thanks of the Secretary to the Society for the privilege of serving it. The Report of the Executive Committee was then called for.

Report of the Executive Committee

Mr. Hargrove: The only official act that the Chairman of the Executive Committee needs to report, is that we found it necessary to cancel the charter of a Branch in central Europe. Personal dissensions (trivial and inexcusable) among its members, reduced it to a condition in which it ceased in the real sense to be connected with The Theosophical Society. It became the duty, therefore, of the Executive Committee to confirm officially that which the members of the Branch had already done; so the charter was withdrawn. It is just as well, perhaps, for all of us to remember that the same action would be taken in the United States, without a moment's hesitation, if any Branch, anywhere, were to get itself into a similar condition.

It has always been understood that in the report of the Executive Committee there is more than the surface of events to be dealt with. We have to report to you something of our experience during the previous year, something of our hopes, and something of the need of the Society. Professor Mitchell

has already indicated clearly that perhaps the greatest need of the Society is a clearer realization of the inner world as the world of fact; a clearer realization that our external world is merely a world of effects, of shadows.

This can be considered under various heads. Perhaps the first, because the simplest, realization that we need to strengthen, is of a truth stated many thousands of times in the course of the Society's history, namely that "thoughts are things"; that we are at least as responsible for our thoughts as for our acts. I doubt whether many of us have more than a theoretical belief in that truth. For instance, do we, if we find ourselves entertaining thoughts of depression or of discouragement, expel them because of the realization that they might be just enough to tip some unbalanced person into a condition of absolute despair and possibly of suicide? In other words, do we really believe and act upon the belief that thoughts are things and things of tremendous power? Thoughts, because they are unseen, do not seem to us, perhaps, to be so very real. What I want to suggest to you is that throughout the universe, in fact and not only in theory, it is invariably the unseen force that is more powerful than the visible.

That, of course, is a vast subject in itself, and I am not going to talk about it this morning. My subject will be: is the spiritual world a reality for us? And I am going to suggest a test: if the spiritual world *were* a reality for us, life would be full of romance, of poetry; all things would be full of wonder. Let us then ask ourselves: is my life a thing of romance and poetry and wonder? Alack and alas, in most cases, it is not, and it is our own fault, because we, as students of Theosophy, have every reason to be convinced, when we do not know, that the spiritual world is real, that the spiritual world is here.

I was asked recently whether it was not easier, in the very early days of the Movement, when H.P.B. was here, when Judge was with us,—whether it was not easier then to make contact with that world than it is to-day. The question was based upon a misunderstanding. It was based upon the supposition that there is an actual difference between conditions then and now, when in truth there is only an appearance of difference. Let me give you an instance of what I mean. It was at Avenue Road, at the Blavatsky Lodge, in 1888 or thereabouts, and Madame Blavatsky was still very much alive. A visitor began to talk about his own ideas on life and so forth, until H.P.B. suddenly turned on him with some blistering comment and the statement that people came to those meetings to listen to *her* views, and not to those who wished to air their own. It might well be said that to-day our procedure in similar circumstances would be different, since we have an "open platform" and so forth. But would the difference, after all, be real? Suppose that at one of our Branch meetings in New York, a visitor were to proclaim the blessings of Bolshevism, free love, or some other horror. I should be sorry indeed if we could not dispose of him with at least something of H.P.B.'s finality and promptitude! We should not do it in the same way, but we should, I am confident, be uncompromisingly, flat-footedly truthful,—as she was, for the truth is that people *were* nvited to the Blavatsky Lodge to listen to her views.

Having recalled one of Madame Blavatsky's more humourous aspects, it is as well to recall the serious,—to speak of her marvellous devotion. From six o'clock in the morning until six at night, writing every minute except for a brief interruption for lunch; in great pain most of the time, suffering as she was from a complication of internal disorders. It was magnificent, and the only conceivable explanation is her passionate devotion to her Master. Something for us to remember; something to imitate, so far as that is possible for frailer mortals like ourselves. She was heroic.

In other ways also, she showed her nearness to the heart of the Lodge. The day before she moved from Lansdowne Road to the house in Avenue Road, the Countess Wachtmeister took her for a drive in Hyde Park. When she returned, Mrs. Cooper-Oakley and Mrs. Cleather were in the drawing room. H.P.B. came into the room, apparently in a passion. She *was* in a passion, but it was a passion of grief. Limping up and down the room, her rheumatism crippling her, with the tears pouring down her cheeks, she exclaimed: "Not one Soul among them! Not one!" Not one Soul had she seen among all those people, driving, as fashionable people used to drive in those days, "round the Park". That sort of distress cannot be simulated. It was genuine. She felt it to the very depths of herself—compassion, echoing the compassion, the sorrow of her Master who, perhaps, had helped her to see as she had never seen before, the condition and need of those people.

More than once I have been asked to recommend a book that describes truly those early days of the Society, and the days that followed when Judge was still with us. Documents deal with the surface of events only, and the surface is often misleading. People have written about Judge who never set eyes on him; others have written about him only to condemn him, thus for ever condemning themselves. The motive of too many people when writing about the dead is to display their own superiority. In any case, there is no book that we can recommend. Yet, if you should meet people who know of your interest in Theosophy, and who speak of Count Witte's criticisms of H.P.B., or of the criticisms of the viperish Margot Tennant, Lady Asquith, it is well to keep certain facts in mind.

The facts are that in 1890 both Judge and H.P.B. brought suit for libel against the "New York Sun", which was at that time one of the leading newspapers in the United States—brought suit for libel because the "Sun" had published an attack on H.P.B. by Dr. Elliott Coues, which the "Sun" had endorsed. As usually happens, the case dragged along. The "Sun", challenged, began to hunt for evidence to support its case,—and you will realize that a powerful newspaper does not retreat easily or in a hurry. Hunting everywhere for confirmation of the accusations brought against H.P.B., discovering, incidentally, that the Report of the Society for Psychical Research contained no real evidence whatever,—in 1892 they gave it up in despair, and publicly retracted the charges they had endorsed, at the same time publishing a laudatory article by Judge about H.P.B.

Count Witte and Lady Asquith and others of their kind, libelled H.P.B.

when she and Judge were dead, and when nobody could sue them; they repeated in safety the charges withdrawn by the "Sun" under threat. So all you have to do is to remember and state the facts. And do not imagine that the "Sun" retracted willingly. In the spring of 1894, I was in New York. Judge asked me to accompany him to the office of the "Sun". He wanted them to publish an article he had written about the Convention shortly to be held in San Francisco. We were shown into the editorial sanctum. The editor knew Judge and at once referred to the suit for libel, exclaiming against the idea of his asking any favour of them. Judge replied serenely that that was all of the past, and that he was offering some interesting news which he was willing to give to the "Sun" exclusively. The upshot was that Judge got what he wanted. But that the retraction of 1892 had been made grudgingly, and that the memory of it still rankled, was obvious. Once more then, there is no need to argue about details: the action of the "Sun" disposes of all serious accusations against H.P.B.

I am drawing on the past, because I want so greatly to emphasize the reality and nearness of the inner world, and at the same time to insist that it is not only just as real, but even nearer than in the old days of which I speak. Many of you have read or heard most of these things before, but others have not. In any case it is hard work for those who have to concentrate their attention on business for the greater part of every day, to escape from being drowned in the mire of material life; for them, the inner and real world is likely to become diaphanous and remote; they need to be reminded of happenings which speak in material terms of that near-by but usually invisible Kingdom. No need, thank heaven, for the same things to happen in the same way to-day, since increasing indrawal has lifted the Movement whole stages closer to the Lodge. In those days, the consciousness of members was so far out of tune with Lodge-consciousness, that the Masters had to lean down, as it were, and shout to make themselves heard, and, even so, with small chance of being understood. Ask yourself: were Hume and Sinnett, vain and self-opinionated, closer to the spiritual plane, merely because they received letters from Masters, than many humble and comparatively unknown members of the present time? The question answers itself.

I am going to draw on the experience of the Countess Wachtmeister. I do not see how anyone can doubt the honesty of that old woman. (She has been dead for years.) She was the wife of the Swedish Ambassador in London. Her father was French, her mother English, of distinguished family on both sides. Her husband died. She heard of Theosophy and became a member of the Society. I am indebted to her for information which was helpful in the early days of my membership. In 1894 I travelled with her from London to San Francisco. She did not understand Judge; followed Mrs. Besant, but became disillusioned and left the Adyar Society, never losing her faith, however, in H.P.B. She made mistakes, but, as I have said, was honest.

[The speaker then related stories of the early days of the Society, some of them recorded by the Countess Wachtmeister in her *Reminiscences of H. P.*

Blavatsky and "The Secret Doctrine",—all tending to show how close the Masters then were to outer events and persons, though no closer then, he reiterated, than they always have been and always will be.]

From the beginning of history there has been knowledge of the Great Ones, of Masters, though knowledge even of their existence has increasingly dwindled, especially in Europe and America. It is part of our function to keep that knowledge alive, and the knowledge, too, that there are more kinds and degrees of consciousness, a greater "diversity of creatures", on planes both above and below this world, than there are on earth, or than egocentric humanity dreams of. Christianity, in theory, recognizes many classes or grades of angels; Hinduism, always more detailed, believes there are three hundred and thirty millions of *devas*, or "shining ones"—good, bad, or indifferent—and innumerable other hierarchies of invisible beings or creatures, some, exalted in nature, others, primitive,—irrespective of hosts of human souls and conscious astral "leavings". And while it is distinctly unfashionable in so-called Christian countries, even among the clergy, to believe in devils,—logic insists that, in a world of duality, devils must off-set angels, just as surely as heat and cold are unthinkable unless both exist.

At the last meeting of the New York Branch, Colonel Wise was telling us about experiences during the Great War, of those who had seen the invisible, as it were, and the great Archangel Michael. Some of you may have been reminded of the story in the Old Testament about Elisha and his servant, surrounded by the armies of the King of Syria. Elisha prayed that the eyes of the young man might be opened (it is a pity, perhaps, that a similar prayer could not be answered here this morning,—and yet, who knows!), and they were opened, and, behold, on all the hills around, he saw the armies of the Lord, "horses and chariots of fire",—the legions of angels that we hear of in the New Testament also.

At that same meeting of the New York Branch, a question was asked about these soldiers of the other world. In reply I suggested that many of those who had been killed in the War formed part of that army; but the underlying truth is that the great Archangels—special chêlas in the Lodge—are the Captains of legions which at one period of history are seen as angels; at another period, as men in armour; at another, like men clothed as in the Great War. It is not the form that counts; all that concerns us is the inner reality,—which is, that there *are* legions of angels, of warrior *devas*, and that some of those who die in battle are drawn, because of their complete self-giving, into the ranks of these legions. So it is that whenever men are lifted out of their littleness into the greatness of self-forgetfulness, they are likely to see something of that world of reality, and to share in the work and consciousness of those who dwell there.

Only a day or two ago it happened that I came across a collection of letters from men who had served and died under the British flag in France. Those of them who had consciously and gladly surrendered their lives in advance—who had become indifferent to death, not because they were tired of life, but

because they had thrown their lives overboard for love of a Cause which they recognized as the Cause of God—such men remind us once more that all we need, if we would get into touch with the everlasting verities, is the conquest of self for love of that which transcends self. In terms of the inner life, pure passion of love is the reward of self-discipline, and pure passion of love means Union.

I shall quote from the letters of one of these men only,—"Billy" Grenfell, son of Lord Desborough. His elder brother Julian, poet as well as soldier, had been killed already. Trying to console his mother for their loss, the younger son wrote: "Just one word of blessing and good hope. I know how strong you have been and will be. How can we feel anything but serenity about our darling Julian, whether the trumpets sound for him on this side or the other." (The reference of course is to the passage in *Pilgrim's Progress*, where Mr. Valiant-for-Truth "Passed Over", "and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side".) And then, shortly afterwards—he was twenty-five, and was going to be killed in a few weeks: "The more I think of darling Julian, the more I seem to realize the nothingness of death. He has just passed on, outsoared the shadow of our night, 'here where men sit and hear each other groan', and how could one pass on better than in the full tide of strength and glory and fearlessness. So that there is no interruption even in the work which God has for him. Our grief for him can only be grief for ourselves. How beautiful his poem is. ["Into Battle", which ends: "But Day shall clasp him with strong hands, And Night shall fold him in soft wings."] It perfectly expresses the unity and continuity of all created things in their Maker. I pray that one-tenth of his gay spirit may descend on me." That was in June, 1915; then, finally, writing to his parents, and showing once more—which is our lesson—how self-forgetfulness lifts to a higher consciousness and to a vivid recognition of reality: "Darling Julian is so constantly beside me, and laughs so debonairly at my qualms and hesitations. I pray for one-tenth of his courage. All love to everyone."

I shall not attempt a better conclusion than that young man's splendid note of certainty and promise.

The Report of the Executive Committee having been accepted with thanks, the Chairman, who had previously been authorized to appoint the usual three standing Committees, announced the following:

Committee on Resolutions: Mr. Hargrove, Mr. Miller, Dr. Hohnstedt.

Committee on Letters of Greeting: Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, Dr. Clark, Mrs. Regan.

Committee on Nominations: Mr. Auchincloss, Mr. Saxe, Miss Hohnstedt.

After the announcement of Convention activities, adjournment was voted until 2.30 p. m.

Afternoon Session

The session opened with the report of the Treasurer T. S., and when this report had been accepted with the thanks of the Convention, the report of the Committee on Nominations was called for.

Report of the Committee on Nominations

Mr. Auchincloss nominated for the Executive Committee, Mr. Miller to succeed himself; Mr. LaDow, to succeed Mr. Harris, whose term expires; also, as Secretary T. S., Miss Perkins, with Miss Chickering as Assistant Secretary; for Treasurer, Mr. H. B. Mitchell, with Mr. Kobbé as Assistant Treasurer. It was voted that the Secretary of the Convention be instructed to cast one ballot for the election of officers as nominated, and that the Committee be discharged with thanks.

The Chairman added that it was a matter of great regret to the Executive Committee that the retiring member, Mr. Harris, owing to his distant residence, had been prevented from coming to New York, and therefore prevented from taking the active part in the work of the Committee which Mr. Harris felt that all its members should take. The Society was very much indebted to Mr. Harris for his invariably sympathetic understanding of the needs of the situation. At the same time it was with very sincere pleasure that the Committee welcomed Mr. LaDow to its membership.

The report of the Committee on Resolutions was then called for.

Report of the Committee on Resolutions

Mr. Hargrove: *Mr. Chairman, Fellow Members:* With your permission I should like to begin by making one or two things clearer than I think I made them this morning when comparing the methods of the Lodge, and the opportunities of members, to-day, with the methods and opportunities of the past. As all of you know, there was an outflow of force from the Lodge, down to this plane, from 1875 onwards. The tide turned as the century drew to its close. During the outflow, physical phenomena of all kinds—including objective means of communication—were "normal". Incidentally, it was the play of those forces that tore H.P.B.'s body to pieces.

When the tide turned, and the force indrew, members had the opportunity to indraw with it, and thus to be carried with the back-flow, up toward the Lodge: they could, as it were, hold on to the tail of the kite. This means that collectively, as a Society, we are much closer to the Lodge now, than we were in 1890. The spiritual average of our membership to-day is higher than it was at that time, or in 1900. There is, for one thing, a far better understanding of the fundamental theosophic truth that *self* in some form or other is the supreme obstacle in the way of human progress, of service, of discipleship. And there ought to be a better understanding of that truth, seeing that it has been hammered into us incessantly during the intervening forty years!

It follows from all of this that although Masters could and would use material means, such as precipitated letters, if to-day there were need to do so, the existence of such a need would be a grave reflection on our membership: it would be a disgrace. The power of Masters is exactly the same as it was; they could do now all that they ever did,—but, to use a crude illustration: if you can make people hear in a normal tone of voice, why shout at them! And the fact is that our membership, all round the world, does "hear": the

QUARTERLY, for instance, when interpreting some outstanding event in the light of theosophic principles, does not need to argue to convince the large majority of our members, who, almost invariably, have been thinking along the same lines already, and find in the QUARTERLY the confirmation, and perhaps also the clarification, of what their own intuition, their own inner light, had enabled them to sense or perceive.

Now for the Committee on Resolutions: as a committee we have no formal resolutions to recommend, but there are certain ideas that we should like to suggest for your consideration, involving, perhaps, personal resolves, as well as ways in which the work of Masters can be furthered in the world.

Much has been said in the QUARTERLY and at our Branch meetings in criticism of democracy. This has been done to counteract the tendency to think that there is only one country on the face of the earth that is governed on scientific and enlightened principles,—that country being the United States of America. It is not wholesome for people to labour under such delusions. No one should infer, however, that we, as individuals or as a Society, want to introduce another form of government, whether Monarchical or Fascist or Nazi. We do not want a Hitler or a Mussolini in Washington—still less a Stalin—and what is more, we do not want a totalitarian state, which avowedly is their common aim. The totalitarian state, according to its advocates, means this: "Nothing outside or above the State, everything within and for the State". That may sound harmless enough, but in practice, as you know, it means that the State assumes control of every human activity, and, the individual existing solely for the benefit of the State, it means that your children exist solely for its benefit, and that the State assumes control of their education, both in the primary school and in college; that the State must control the religious or irreligious training of your children, and must control your own religion and its expression. What would become of The Theosophical Society and of our literature if we were living in a totalitarian state! Democracy has become synonymous with demagogy; but we have no desire to get out of the frying pan into the fire, and, in America and England and some other places, we still have religious liberty.

Every government reflects the character of its people. We have in this country at present, not only what we deserve as a nation (you and I may think we deserve something better, and I hope we do!), but also what the nation wants. The chief desire of the majority is to spend without self-restraint; they will not save. They will work at their own gait for high wages, in order to spend freely; but if they cannot get high wages, they stop working and demand "Relief", and get it—because they have votes. As a coloured man said to me not long ago,—Why should he work six days a week when his friends on Relief worked only three, or at the most four, and were paid enough to enable them to "go see places" during their spare time? Watching games of base-ball was *his* dream of the perfect life.

Democracy at its best, even under a limited monarchy as in England, is a make-shift, a stop-gap, until we can get something better. What is that some-

thing better? "God-instructed men": yes, let us never cease to pray for God-instructed men to rule the nations. But before we can get them we must not only want them, but earn them; and the majority of people at present are very far indeed from wanting anything of the kind.

It is important that members of the Society should understand these matters, because it is their mission to understand, and never to be carried away by popular sentiment. They must think for themselves. They must see the evils of our present system, but must not rush off toward something even worse than the evils which already afflict us. They must realize that it will take time to improve the government of nations, for the reason that it is going to take time, much time, to improve the character of the men to be governed. As I have already said, governments reflect the nature of their people. Hitler may have a few critics in Germany, but what did Germany want before Hitler came into power? Germany wanted to assert itself again as the victorious ruling nation of the world. It wanted to assert once more, Might regardless of Right. It was Germany's moral obliquity that called Hitler into being, and that has kept him where he is; for just as the Kaiser was an expression of what the German people wanted prior to 1914, so Hitler is an expression of what the German people hope for now. "Our religion is Germany", as their "Youth Leader" proclaims.

Naziism, Fascism, are the logical expression of national self-assertiveness, of a hectoring, bullying spirit and purpose; but it is the spirit that creates the form: the form, at most, can only reinforce the spirit. The monarchical form is as adaptable, and as responsive to a nation's real desire, as any other. Karma takes care of that; and we have seen quite recently in England that Karma, through its many agents, seen and unseen, can act quickly, as well as with "the inexorable fatality of years". Hence the form of government is of secondary importance; the form is a response, and, as it were, takes care of itself. This should again help us to realize the folly, of which so many "reformers" are guilty, of imagining that because, in America, a Constitution, a President, a Senate, a House of Representatives and so on, "work", somehow,—our form of government is suitable for the Filipinos or for the people of China. I say "suitable"; but there are many who believe that our system would cure the world's ills everywhere. They do not understand that one man's meat may be, and often is, another man's poison.

Another, though closely allied subject, upon which members of the Society might helpfully bring sanity to bear, is that of British rule in India. The influence of American public opinion on that of Great Britain is great,—and unfortunate in many ways. It reinforces the radical and unintelligent; it cheapens the tone of society and of much of the English press; it provides justification for those who—not only in England but all over the world—are victims of the "get-rich-quick" obsession. America is a very big country, and many people are impressed by bulk. Consequently, when considering the problem of India, there has been a tendency in England to argue: We must give India Home Rule, for otherwise America will say we are Imperialistic (the same charge

which, in America, is constantly brought against France). I do not mean that England, without the influence of America, would have seen the Indian problem clearly. On the contrary, uninformed provincialism there as here, because it believes in the democratic theory, wants to apply it universally without regard to differences of race, tradition, or actual need. What I do mean is that American public opinion has been used by the deluded in England as a weapon against those who know better,—who know India, and who know that the application there of the Home Rule panacea would result in irretrievable disaster. If members of the Society will acquaint themselves with the facts, as they easily can, they could do much to neutralize the propaganda ceaselessly carried on in this country by paid agitators from India, by the Irish element here, and, on general principles, by our large German population.

Articles in American magazines and newspapers occasionally remind us of the undoubted truth that a subjugated people, a people that is kept in subjection by foreign troops, is in a very evil plight; apart from other considerations, people, in such circumstances, are likely to become liars, hypocrites, sycophants. But beware of false inferences from sound premises; beware, in this case, of the inference that it must be harmful to the natives of India to be subject to British rule. The reading of a book such as that by General MacMun, entitled *Turmoil and Tragedy in India*, would be enough in itself to show the absurdity of this and many other current misconceptions. India has a more diversified population than that of Europe, and while Europe, in name, is of one religion, India has two main religions, Mohammedanism and Hinduism (ignoring the innumerable sub-divisions), and these two are inherently more antagonistic than, let us say, Brahminism and Roman Catholicism. Of its population of over three hundred and fifty millions, about seventy per cent are Hindus, and twenty-two per cent Mohammedans; but the latter are war-like, which the immense majority of Hindus are not. For hundreds of years before the English acquired possession of India, the country was governed by Moslem rulers.

The practical question is: what would happen if British troops were withdrawn from India? What happened there, immediately after the Great War, was not noticed in America; too many other things were going on at the same time. Briefly, the Afghans, who are Mohammedans, invaded India from the North—as India always has been invaded; and if it had not been for British troops, and the loyalty to the British Raj of the vast majority of Mohammedans in India, the Afghans, aided by their co-religionists, would have conquered and looted the country. In 1921–1922, the Mohammedan Moplahs on the Malabar Coast were stirred up by the Ali brothers (Mohammedan "nationalists", differing from Gandhi only in method), and attacked their Hindu neighbours with indescribable ferocity, skinning them alive being a favourite expression of their disapproval. I cannot even hint at their treatment of Hindu women: it was unspeakable. On the other hand, the Hindus are equally excitable, and can be equally savage, when their bitter hatred of the Mohammedans can be vented with some likelihood of success. In other words,

when lecturers and writers on the subject inform us that if India were independent, her people would live together like brethren, our knowledge of the facts should be sufficient to warrant immediate and flat denial.

There are great Indian patriots among the Masters of the White Lodge: what do they want? What did H.P.B. say about it? Her Master was a Rajput. He set her to work to bring about a better understanding between the different races and religions of India; he, like the other Masters, wanted the English who lived there to see, beneath the surface of Hinduism, of Mohammedanism, of the Zoroastrianism of the Parsîs,—the eternal truths of Theosophy which are common to all the great religions, Christianity included; he wanted the more thoughtful natives to accept the Master Christ as a brother of the Master Krishna, of Gautama Buddha, and of the other world saviours; he wanted India to profit from the best in the life of the West, and the West to benefit from the hoarded wisdom of the East. He did not want the *Bhagavad Gîta* to take the place of our Bible, but he knew that we should understand our Bible better if we studied it afresh in the light of the *Gîta*, as so many of us have done. He wanted right brotherhood, not a flat and ridiculously impossible equality; he wanted right appreciation, both ways, with clear recognition of the evil as well as the good. And the last thing in the world that he wanted, or that any Master wanted, was to see the British withdraw from India. Masters knew well and sympathized deeply with the troubles of the Indian peasant; but they also knew that these troubles were due in far greater measure to the peasants' co-religionists, the money-lender and the landlord, than to any act or failure of the British Raj. The British members of the Indian Civil Service —the men actually in touch with the native population of all classes—are probably the most intelligent, most sympathetic, most unselfish, and least mercenary of any group in the world performing similar functions. If these men were replaced by Indian Nationalists, all that can be said is: Heaven help the rest of the native population! The Great Lodge above all else is *sane*—represents, in fact, all the sanity there is in this world—and, in addition, takes very long views. Its plans for the far-distant future of India, hundreds of years hence, we do not know; but we do know that Home Rule, and the elimination of British control, are not what it wants now: no Indian patriot with sense, wants that. Gandhi has emotions, unlimited ambition, and considerable cunning, but is destitute of sense.

There are two outstanding reasons why members of the Society should do what they can to help India in the right way, which is, as I have said, by offsetting the tale of her unreal grievances with the tale of her many real blessings. The first reason why we should do this is our immense debt to India, and especially to Indian Masters, for our understanding of Theosophy. It was Indian Masters who were responsible primarily for the founding of the Society and for the work of H.P.B. and Judge. The second outstanding reason why we should do what we can to help India, is that India has suffered so grievously at the hands of pseudo-Theosophists, beginning with Hume and culminating in the person of Mrs. Besant. It was Hume, as you know, who had that very

early correspondence with one of the Indian Masters, reported in *The Occult World*. Proceeding on the supposition that he, a scientifically-minded European, necessarily knew more than any Oriental, except, perhaps, within narrowly prescribed limits, he decided finally that Masters were a myth, and proceeded to organize the Indian National Congress, which has represented the worst of India from that day to this. It was vociferous on behalf of Indian Nationalism, and many years later, in 1917, as a reward for her violent campaign against "British misgovernment", the Congress elected Mrs. Besant its President. She filled the entire Indian press with her clamour, doing an infinity of harm. She avowedly tried to stir up discontent—always an evil thing to do, except against self—and as this is never difficult among the poor and ignorant, nor among half-educated failures, of which India is full, she met with the popular success for which her insane love of power had always craved. Whether under the influence of Chakravarti or of Leadbeater, she was the curse of the Theosophical movement and, in India, turned that movement over, root and branch, to the worst enemies of the White Lodge. We, of course, were not even remotely responsible for what she did; but she did it in the guise of Theosophy, and we must do everything in our power to remove the stigma from our good name.

Yet another way in which members of the Society can further the purposes of the Lodge, is through the Protestant churches, especially in America. The Protestant churches have a wonderful opportunity to serve the Master Christ, but too often are dis-serving him. True and deep devotion will, in time, produce enlightenment, but such devotion is very rare, and, in its absence, a right philosophy is essential. Unfortunately, the clergy constantly reveal that their philosophy of life is thoroughly materialistic; they have no grasp whatever of fundamentals, no recognition of causes,—the result being that (like so many members of the medical profession) they believe the removal of effects, of symptoms, as, for instance, by means of "social legislation", should be the chief field of their endeavour. In other words, their diagnosis is superficial, mechanistic, and entirely opposed to the principles and practice of Christ.

How many of them realize, and preach, that the besetting sin of this country is and always has been, greed? I am not an authority on American history, but those who have studied it, and who were born in the midst of it, so to speak, tell me that most of the people who came here originally did so to "improve themselves",—to make money more easily and rapidly than they could in Europe. Some came seeking religious liberty; some were commissioned to govern the other colonists; but the large majority came (and still come) for the reason I have stated. Then, to further this primary purpose, slaves were imported, as the cheapest form of cheap labour: greed again. Later, when slavery was abolished, the lowest grade of labour was imported from Europe, and this, imported for selfish reasons, before long organized its own selfishness and greed so effectively that to-day it practically controls the government, not for the benefit of the country, but for its own class purposes. There have been periods in history, as everyone knows, when employers were in control,

and when—as in the early days of mechanization, say in 1840—labour was shamefully exploited. Carlyle will never allow us to forget that. But the tide has turned so completely that greed, still the dominant motive, and always irrational, has now become a sort of religion in the C. I. O. and in its less noisy but equally selfish rival, the American Federation of Labour.

This is obvious to everyone who sees the situation dispassionately. But how many of the clergy point to Labour organizations as rivalling the worst of "Trusts" in greed and selfishness? Whether their failure to do so is due to intellectual blindness or to moral cowardice, the fact remains that the clergy, with few exceptions, are not performing what ought to be their function, namely, to guide their people into the way of truth.

But while, in that respect, unthinking sentimentality, and a materialistic philosophy, may account for their inability to recognize facts as facts, their silence on the subject of many current "best sellers" among novels, is even less excusable. It is the duty of a clergyman, a minister, to keep himself informed as to the habits of his congregation, and when "all the world" is reading some book, he should know that his own people are likely to join the procession, and, if he finds such a book to be indecent and corrupting, he should say so. His own perception of such things may have been blunted; but this, in a religious teacher, would be the worst of condemnations. On the other hand, he may see clearly, but may fear that, if he speaks the truth, he will empty his pews,—will be derided as old-fashioned, as narrow, as "not a man of the world" (and it is the tragic longing of many of the clergy, especially of the younger among them, to be considered "men of the world"). In that case, they are untrue to their Faith. Has not the preaching of the Cross always been considered by "them that perish", foolishness? They need encouragement, perhaps,—and it is for us, as members of The Theosophical Society, to supply it whenever we can, chiefly by the example of fearless denunciation of all that is vile in literature and in the habits of contemporary life. H.P.B., many years ago, laid that charge upon us in her article, "Is Denunciation a Duty?"

Above all else, what needs to be impressed upon the Protestantism of to-day is that the purpose of life is spiritual; that comfort and health and enjoyments, and other things which the world desires, are of no importance whatever in comparison with man's first duty as their own Catechism defines it, namely, our duty "towards God". Our materialistic Protestantism now sees "more leisure" as the supreme desideratum. What use is made of the leisure men have already? "Leisure", to the vast majority of people, means: "I have nothing to do; I am free to enjoy myself!" No duty to God; no duty to man,—thank goodness! But let us be fair: are *we* entirely satisfied with the way we use our leisure (if we have any)? And if not, what can be expected of those who have never heard of Theosophy? It is character that determines whether leisure is harmful or helpful—leisure is neither good nor evil in itself; and character is the product of man's attitude toward changeless spiritual values,—toward spiritual qualities which it is the purpose, the sole purpose, of man's

existence to manifest and embody. Let us seize every opportunity to declare, by our own attitude rather than in words, that Christianity, like Theosophy, is a revelation of the spiritual purpose of life.

Finally, so as to deprive ourselves of the excuse that *for us* the "small old path" is too difficult; that we are not fit, and that the call of the Lodge for helpers must be answered by others,—let me remind you of the statement in *The Cloud of Unknowing*: "For not what thou art nor what thou hast been, doth God regard with his merciful eye,—but what thou wouldst be". There, indeed, is provided a sure footing and a new hope for all of us: it is not what we were, or are, but what we want to be and are striving to be, that the Lodge regards,—and accepts. This does not mean a sentimental pious wish that in some far-off day—the further off the better, perhaps—we may become chêlas; it means a real longing and a real effort. Granting these—no matter how "unworthy" the longing and effort may be—they will be seen and loved and welcomed, and all the powers of the spiritual world will strive to strengthen the effort and increase the desire. Full of that conviction, how can we fail to go forward hereafter with a new hope and new determination, no longer fussing over our failures, no longer thinking about ourselves, but seeing Life as a gift within our reach, for us to grasp and make our own, for love of the Giver of this as of all good gifts.

That is part, at least, of the message of Theosophy, as the Lodge declared it originally and still declares it; and that is part of the message we can carry with us from this Convention: that one and all can make a new start, with outstretched arms of welcome just ahead.

This report having been accepted with thanks, the report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting was called for.

Report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, after speaking of the great interest with which these letters had already been read by officers of the Society, read them aloud for the benefit of the Convention, interrupted by frequent applause. In calling for a motion to accept the report, the Chairman said that thanks were due, not only to the Committee for presenting the letters, but especially to the writers for conveying to us so vividly their thought, their feeling, and almost their presence here with us. This motion having been unanimously carried, delegates were invited to address the Convention.

Miss Hohnstedt, who was called upon first, said that the Cincinnati Branch, confronted with the world's increasing unrest, had decided that the best antidote would be to study once more, *Light on the Path*. This had been done, the speaker quoting its four unnumbered rules with the comment: "I think we have all tried to embody that in our lives this season."

Dr. Hohnstedt then spoke of the opposition which Madame Blavatsky had to face during the last quarter of the last century, referring to her as "intel-

lectually and spiritually a giant". Many of our early writers, he said, such as Sinnett, had approached Theosophy from a mental standpoint, without inner perception. What we need is to arouse our intuition that we may reach the spiritual world. "Live the life and thou shalt know the doctrine. Unless we do that, all our efforts will be fruitless."

Mr. Oberlander, also from Cincinnati, expressed gratitude for all that Theosophy had done for him, and for its preservation "in its purity down to this day".

Mrs. Regan (Providence) recalled that at the previous Convention much had been said to the effect that if the Movement were to continue, it must produce chêlas, and that this must have led us to further study of chêlaship and of its laws. So she had re-read the third volume of *Fragments*, on the 28th page of which she had found parts of a letter from a Guru to his chêla, which she quoted. She called particular attention to one of the rules suggested, "beware of impatience", saying that if this or any other of the rules were made the subject of meditation and of real effort for a single day, much knowledge would be gained of the spiritual quality involved, with the realization that the development of one such quality compelled the exercise of some aspect or element of all the others. She concluded by quoting the closing sentence of the letter: "If you can do that while fighting for my cause, and aid those with you so to do, *I* can do anything."

Miss Husby, on behalf of the Pacific Branch, Los Angeles, said she felt that she had been commissioned by the members to come to the Convention as an act of devotion, to place upon its altar the frankincense and myrrh of their love and aspiration, that they might share in both its joy and pain. In thinking of the pain, she had thought of Saint Joan of Arc, who, when the vehicle was burned away, had entered into the heart of her Lord, so that grace flowed from her into the channels which he had made years before. So it could be hoped that we, to the extent that we permitted our personalities to be burned away, might be permitted to enter into the mystical body of the Lodge, whence flows a spiritual impulse through all the ancient mystical veins of the world.

Mr. A. González Jiménez then read a paper in which, after reviewing the early issues of *Lucifer* and *The Path*, as conducted by H.P.B. and Judge, he urged that no one aspect of the truth should be over-emphasized, and applied this to the subject of cyclic law. He quoted Zoroaster: "One moment of Eternity is of as great consequence as another moment, for Eternity changes not, neither is one part better than another part". "Cycles", he continued, "are the clock of time, and time is an ephemeral display of intercepting clouds on the screen of Brahma. . . . Our categoric imperative as a centre of *solar theosophy* is to exalt humanity to the divine state; to galvanize its creeds and destinies, to move it theosophically, awaking it to the consciousness of its inherent immortality, not to burden it with more theories, more theologies—the age of fossils is past. Our mission is to beat with the rhythm of the eternal Sun; to love man

for love of God. We are told that it is inconceivable what each one of us can accomplish for his own people, for the country where he was born: he is a true lightning-rod. But in every other country are also centred our mutual problems, and in their struggles, our collective future is, more or less, decided. We are the only league of nations. . . . We are—or ought to be—the knighthood of God, and our canons take account of every idle word, condemn mental inertia, and regard discouragement or indolence as treason. . . .

"And what is it that the Masters most wish that we ask of them? Assuredly it is that we should desire them to dwell in our hearts, to let the Warrior fight within us, pulsate in us: that we shall come back to them. The solution of all problems; the royal road of progress; the possession of wisdom.

"This is the tragic cry of all the Avatars, of all the Emissaries of Love, of all the sons of Father Sun. It is for this that they came—in order to be practical exponents, not to teach doctrines: each of them came to live a life, a life which, if emulated by us, will lead us to where it led him. The law which formed the heart of the teacher forms the heart of the pupil. . . .

"If real work is to be accomplished by us, we ought to labour in step with and in the rhythm of the Solar Heart, the Theosophical Movement, to synchronize our breath with the great Breath, the Lodge. This Breath, all of it, courses through the heart of our Master. He is the Lodge. And when we worship him all the gods are satisfied: the genius in us, he, and the Logos are but rhythms of the Eternal. . . . Each time we make a new start in this direction, we make these things and ourselves new. In the history of the soul the prodigal son must perforce return to the house of his father. Let us definitely make the new start! Let us make ourselves new, setting our hearts on the Everlasting: the heart of our Master."

Mr. Alvarez Perez presented the greetings of the Venezuela Branch, which was happy in having four delegates at the Convention, and reported upon the work in his country. As national conditions had compelled everyone to define his political position, so they had felt a like inner compulsion to take their place definitely in the ranks of the right or wrong, and to this end had given much time to the practice of self-examination. They were resolved to proceed with their spiritual task, asking of the Lords of the Lodge the graces of wisdom and of final perseverance, that the link, forged before Judge's death, should be kept unbroken, in fulfilment of the desperate cry of their beloved H.P.B., the titular patron of their Branch.

The Branch desired particularly to express its gratitude for all the help received from their co-workers, visible and invisible, and their best thanks for the clarion call of the Quarterly.

Dr. Urbaneja and Mr. Augusto Jiménez, the two other delegates from Venezuela, added their greetings, and expressions of their gratitude for having been enabled to attend the Convention, and also for all the help given the work in Venezuela by the parent Society in New York. Reference was made to the terrible conflict in Spain—to which Mr. Alvarez Perez had also referred and

which came close home to all the Latin races—and the hope was expressed that through all the tragic loss and suffering, righteousness might in the end be strengthened, and the cause of the White Lodge thus prevail.

Two members from Central Europe were then called upon, one of whom spoke of the difficulties that confronted members of the Society in that part of the world, and of the debt they owed to their fellows in America, and especially to the QUARTERLY, for the aid which enabled them to recognize the truth as otherwise they could not possibly have done. They prayed that from the Convention they might take back added strength to fight a good fight for the Masters' Cause, and concluded by giving thanks for their presence "here in our Father's house".

After greetings from CAPTAIN HAMLEN on behalf of Mrs. Hamlen and himself, the CHAIRMAN explained that Dr. Torrey had been kept away by illness, and called upon some of his former students to represent him.

MR. POLITELLA said that, comparing the status of our Society with that of movements which pervert spiritual principles to material and emotional ends, it became apparent that the world is immersed in psychic dreams, and that the activity of the devils of illusion had never been more widespread. The question then arose: are we to shout Theosophy from the housetops, thus compelling attention? But the answer to that must be No,—not when the cycle is in its present phase of indrawal; the wise husbandman does not sow his seed on frozen ground. To-day, more than ever before, the problem is a personal and an individual problem, and to-day more than ever it would seem that we are called in particular to embody in our lives two of the principles of the Buddha's Noble Eightfold Path: to cultivate right views, and, supplementary to that, right conduct—right views in the sense of proper discrimination, so as to distinguish the light from the shadow, the real from the unreal, and, seeing what is our task, to embody it completely in our own lives. The way and the truth come first, and when they have been perceived intellectually, then by sheer force of character and sheer love of the Master, they must be made concrete in acts. To-day more than ever, the salvation of humanity depends upon the salvation of the individual. Only by our cultivation of right views and right conduct are we able to transform and to elevate the lives of our brothers and of humanity. Theosophical brotherhood really means the little leaven that leavens the whole lump.

MR. CROSS, referring both to Dr. Torrey's absence and to the statement, in many of the letters of greeting, that the writers would be at the Convention "in spirit", said that, in his mind, the effect had been to bring up the question of the reality of the spiritual world, a question he believed answered by our own experience as members of The Theosophical Society, a body in which we can centre our own consciousness, live with its life, and share the aspirations of all its members. The spiritual world had been described as a plane of consciousness to which anybody can raise himself, and he was sure that all of us

must have had the experience of thinking of fellow-members and then, somehow, of feeling our own enthusiasm and efforts reinforced, to the better performance of our duties. The spiritual life, therefore, is a real thing, and ought to be part of our daily consciousness, to be utilized to the best of our intelligence for the Masters' Cause.

Mr. Clark and Mr. A. H. Fisher were also called upon, the former referring to Longfellow's "Psalm of Life", and the latter to the need for a great purgation of the minds and hearts of men—perhaps some collective and dreadful experience that would cause them to go down on their knees in humble prayer for divine aid, realizing that the human intellect alone is insufficient to solve the world's problems and to meet its needs. But if the world is to be brought to the realization that divine aid is obtainable, it is essential that the link between the world and the Masters be kept unbroken, through the Society's aspiration toward noble ideals, its passion for perfection, and its faith that truth exists and can be found.

Mr. Miller, Chairman of the New York Branch: It is indeed a joy to see these younger members with us, sharing our enthusiasm and, I am sure, in their hearts responding to the romance of the call which comes to all who attend these Conventions.

In thinking of this Convention, I thought of that of last year, and re-read some of the addresses then made. I have especially in mind the address upon the ancient maxims, Man know thyself, and, Man the mirror of the universe,—in which was pointed out the misunderstanding of the world to-day over the dual nature of man, and the failure to realize that duality means struggle, and that the secret of success in the spiritual life lies in warfare which must be continually waged.

In the New York Branch this winter, we discussed the added dimension which Theosophy brings to life, the descent of spirit into matter, and the power of Theosophy to transform our lives and all our thought. The power of thought itself was emphasized and explained, leading us to see that one of the greatest services we can render the Movement, was expressed by St. Paul: Whatsoever things are true: whatsoever things are venerable: whatsoever things are just: whatsoever things are pure: whatsoever things are lovely: whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things.

Mr. Smith being called upon, thought enough had been heard from Dr. Torrey's students, and that he would now follow the advice a wise man had given to youth: "To talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone on what is said in company, to distrust one's own opinion and to value others' who deserve it".

Mr. W. S. Fisher, referring to one of the addresses of the morning session, said that the need for a spiritual awakening might have been expressed as the need for a *rejuvenescence* of the spiritual life, as that word is used in biology to describe the method of cell rejuvenation in which the cell wall completely breaks, and what is within is freed. It seemed to him to be necessary for the

continuance of the Society that our personal cell wall should break, and that what is within should thus be liberated. He believed there is no better means to this end than gratitude, because gratitude breaks down those barriers of self which keep us from being of value to the Movement. Everyone must have experienced, at least in some small measure, the truth of this, and thus have known the wave of warmth and sympathy and union that comes from a deep sense of gratitude. To-day he, and many others, were saying "Thank you", and with the words were experiencing both the feeling of gratitude and its gifts.

Dr. Clark: The Bible tells us to offer unto God the *sacrifice* of praise and thanksgiving. Why that word, "sacrifice"? "Sacrifice" means that which has been made holy. We have profaned praise and thanksgiving by offering them to self. On Convention Day, our complete dependence upon the Masters ought to be clear; it ought to be easier for us to offer them, not a sacrifice in the ordinary sense, but overflowing praise and thanksgiving.

Mr. LaDow: Mr. Chairman, I wish to express my gratitude for the honour conferred on me by my election to the Executive Committee. I can conceive of no deeper responsibility than that which rests upon its members.

"Thoughts are things." I think it was said that a thought of depression may, by contagion, cause someone far away to collapse completely. But our thoughts may influence others, not only instantaneously but after the lapse of many years. I have been reading a book on the history of French Free Masonry during the 18th century. The author rightly detests the particular form of Masonry which produced the Grand Orient. He points out that the horrors of contemporary democracies and dictatorships are natural developments of the subversive ideas which were cultivated in the 18th century lodges. Fortunately we can have true ideas, true thoughts, and can thus plant a beneficent seed which will inevitably grow and bring forth good fruit in the world.

Mr. Auchincloss: Each year the Convention of the Society follows very closely after Easter, and it is fortunate for us that this is so. For what happens is, that we carry forward the inspiration, the inner renewal and the Resurrection that is Easter, and then Convention confirms and expands it, through the contact with Reality that comes at this time.

The inspiration that we get from Easter comes often, it seems to me, from the consideration of some incident, of something that was said, in those last few days before the Crucifixion. Take, for instance, that scene in the upper room, after the Last Supper, when the Master Christ was talking with his disciples. He had just said to them that, if they had known him, they would have known his Father also. And Philip turned to him and said," Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us."

Looking for a sign. We have been talking this winter at the meetings of the New York Branch of the descent of spirit into matter. And there, in that upper room, those disciples had in their midst, Life Incarnate; yet, in spite of all that had been said to them, in spite of all that they had been told,—still, they wanted proof, still they wanted a sign.

Slow of heart, as we are slow of heart. For we, too, are constantly wanting a sign. Externalized as we are, immersed in material things, thinking too much in material terms, we are constantly scanning the horizon of the material world for a sign, a proof, that the spiritual world is "working". We are constantly expecting (although we should not perhaps put it to ourselves in just those words) material rewards of some kind or other, as a result of the inner effort we are making,—as a sign, a proof, that our inner effort has the approval of the spiritual world, that the spiritual world is behind us and with us. And there shall no sign be given us,—not in that way.

How *shall* we recognize Life Incarnate when it is in our midst? Not through any outer sign, but through recognition on the inner planes, within our own hearts. It is there that perception, penetration lie. We must quicken our hearts. And we cannot quicken our hearts as long as they are divided. We cannot quicken them until our identification with the spiritual world is complete; until we have gone all the way in our self-surrender to it; until we are no longer living *amidst* outer events, but, instead, are living *within* outer events, and are finding at the heart of them, Life.

Mr. Kobbé: We are particularly fortunate at this Convention. When I say that, I do not refer to the remarks of this morning. To those remarks I shall come presently. At the moment, I allude to all of the young members gathered here to-day, the youth in our Movement; some of them having contributed orally to our discussion, and all of whom have joined us in mind and in heart,—those who have embraced the Cause in their youth, and who, some day, must take up what we have in our hands and carry it forward, and must strive for what we are striving for.

Last year, a call was made for chêlas. Although, this year, no such call was made in so many words, yet, the appeal for chêlas was sounded even deeper than it was a year ago, in all the Chairman of the Executive Committee had to say this morning. Perhaps, to-day, the call is deeper because the need is greater, greater by a year.

Why is it that call has not been answered more completely? Though this may be but one of several reasons, is it because, when it comes to spiritual things, our ideas and objectives are too general and indefinite? Often, at the New York Branch meetings, we speak of the purpose of life. It is expressed in one or another way,—let us say, to serve the Great Lodge of Masters, or to help to raise the conscious level of humanity. Are not such expressions rather general, somewhat indefinite, when considered against the specific call made last year, that a specific need might be fulfilled?

I am going to rest the blame on our old enemy, the lower self, because the very thing that self would like to have us do, is to continue to be general and indefinite in our spiritual objectives. Such indefiniteness suits its purpose, for it enables it to keep its hold over our thoughts and acts, to piece out its existence for so many more years or centuries as the case may be; and so long as we are living more in the lower than in the Higher Self, it is impossible for

the objective of chêlaship to be realized. The lower self has no power of creation. It is a perversion, and, as such, it has only the power of perversion: to take that which is created and turn it so that it works against its own original life, thereby killing the very thing which we want to have come to pass.

So my message is, that we take more to mind and to heart what was said at the Convention last year about the need for chêlas, and what was said this morning, on the same subject, in a much deeper sense; that we try to raise the consciousness from the level of the lower self, the perversion, and to bring it nearer and nearer into union with the Higher Self, the *creative* Self within us, the Self that functions in the creative world. Thus, we shall give the Masters of the Great Lodge an opportunity to help us in answering the call that has been made, to help us in fulfilling the specific need of that call. Let us make our objective one-pointed this year. We know what it is.

The Convention then heard with much pleasure and interest from MR. KOBBÉ, JR., MR. RUSS, JR., and MR. MILLER, JR.

MRS. LAKE, of Providence, being called upon, referred to the heavy responsibility placed upon us in the realization that we must control not only our acts and words, but our thoughts, and spoke of the encouragement and incentive which went with it, since right thought has such an immense carrying force, and might reach in its effects to the uttermost parts of the world.

MRS. ROSE (Providence) wished to voice her gratitude to the QUARTERLY. Having recently been reading old numbers, it seemed to her they were a gold mine of help and inspiration, and that no matter what may happen in the future, we should always have in them the guidance needed for our work.

MR. BRUSH, reviewing the evolution of life through some of its lower forms, spoke of the analogy of our own lives, especially of our inner lives, adding: "In the years to come, when our own power of sacrifice, our own faith, our courage may be tested as never before, we who are here to-day know that the conditions necessary for our own next step in evolution will be supplied. However difficult or however obscure those conditions may at times seem, we know that nature and the Lodge will do their part. May we do ours!"

MR. SAXE: The fundamental desire of every member of the Society must be to help others. Theosophy teaches us to regard people, not as bodies nor as personalities, but as souls. In order to help the soul we must attain to soul-consciousness. In other words, we must rise above the personal consciousness. When we succeed in that, when we are able to stand firmly on that higher level, then we shall be able to give other souls the real help they so greatly need, and which very few can give. It is to this end that our constant warfare with the personality is waged.

We are here to-day because, from the very inception of the Movement, there have always been some members, who, having attained to soul-consciousness, were able to exercise soul-powers: the power of perception, by which they could perceive the needs of our soul, and point out the way for us; the power

of communication, enabling them to communicate truth, aspiration, and the joy of the spiritual world; energizing in some degree our higher wills.

It is now our turn to effect this transfer of consciousness, through conquest of the personal self. Shall we not resolve to redouble our efforts, win this fight, and so become worthy of being called Theosophists!

Colonel Wise spoke of General Washington as having been far more than a great soldier and statesman, and then explained something of the occult significance of American history.

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell: Our first thought at Convention is always the wish to express our gratitude for the privilege of being here. The tremendous importance of the Convention, and the way in which right thinking here may affect the entire world, were spoken of this morning. We ought, by every means in our power, to bring that truth home, to force ourselves to realize the potency of our thoughts and acts. It is hard to do. One feels very small and unworthy, and it is not easy to realize that, because of our connection with the Movement, great issues may turn on what we think, or do, or feel.

Yet great issues do turn on what seem very little things. England has an empire in North America to-day because someone, whose name is not even known to history, knew a path up which, perhaps, it had been his duty to climb, and so he could guide others up it, up to the Heights of Abraham and the conquest of Quebec. He did not have to be a great general or a great anything else. All that he had to do was to know and to point out a path. All that is asked of us is that each one should climb his own path to his own heights, and the Lodge can then do the rest.

Years ago, shortly after the war, a friend told me of an experience he had had. Though he had not been able to go to the front, he felt deeply and wanted to do all he could to help. On the morning of one particular day he resolved to offer all that he did, with the intention of helping the Allied cause. At the close of the day, as he went back over it in prayer, it seemed mostly failure and that he had done very little. As if in answer, the words came across his mind: Yes, it was very, very little, but look. Then two pictures, one a young French wife holding her child, and the other a charging poilu, with a German rifle aimed at his forehead. Something touched the rifle, deflecting the muzzle a fraction of an inch. It took very little force, but the bullet that had been aimed at the poilu's forehead, harmlessly grazed his temple. Masters can do so much if we will but provide a little.

The light has been given to us to carry into the future. The day will come when men are going to pray, with all that is in them, for some one, something, to take them out of the mess which they have made for themselves and the world. When that time comes, shall we have held in the world the knowledge that there are God-instructed men who may be evoked, so that the passionate longing of the world may be focussed on evoking them? Or must men grope blindly in the dark, not knowing what they seek, nor that it is obtainable?

Last year at the Convention, reference was made to the many thousands in the great war who, lifted above themselves by their passionate love of their cause, had given their lives with gladness, with a self-immolation that had brought their feet to the Path of Chêlaship, to which, in their next life, they might be born. How the Masters must long to have those men tread that path, long to give them the reward they so completely earned. It may be that it is in our hands to determine whether they shall receive their reward or not. Is the knowledge of chêlaship, the fact of chêlaship, to be in the world as a living reality when they come back? Each one of us can do something to give those men what they have earned. We may offer our effort, with the prayer that someone may attain.

Mr. Hargrove (In response to a question from the Chair as to whether the Committee on Resolutions had anything further to report before it was discharged): Merely to thank Mr. Kobbé for having made it unnecessary for me to repeat exactly the same words that I used last year! Also a reminder that it is not only outer events, such as war, that help us to rise above ourselves, but every real love, every real aspiration. Anything and everything we can do to deny self, to push self aside, to recognize it for what it is, will bring us that much nearer to the time when we shall attain that state of consciousness which means,—chêlaship.

Dr. Hohnstedt: Before we close, I wish to make a motion extending our thanks to the New York Branch for the courtesy and kindness they have shown us; also to the officers of the Convention; also our thanks to the Editors and contributors to the Quarterly.

This motion having been seconded and unanimously passed, and the Committee on Resolutions having been discharged with thanks, the Convention was adjourned.

Isabel E. Perkins,
Secretary of Convention.
Julia Chickering,
Assistant Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING

Aylsham, England.

To the Secretary T.S.: Once more our thoughts must turn towards Convention; indeed I do not see how they can help doing so, and this carries all our most ardent good wishes and friendly greetings to fellow-members who will soon be assembled in it. Our Norfolk Branch prepares, by a month's study, for Convention, and I know that each member endeavours to keep the day itself as free from outer concerns as possible, so I hope, and believe, that we are able to be closely united with you in spirit, and to bring our own little contribution to Convention.

Each year as the Convention Reports come to us, they seem to be deeper, more momentous, and a year's study of them does not suffice to teach us all the lessons they hold for us. Each year also the whole world situation seems to become more desperate, more hopeless, and I have been asking myself what we, who have the great privilege to be members of the T.S., can do to help the world and the Masters' work for it. In a book-review I read not long ago

it was stated that the author considered civilization had become so corrupt, so degenerate, that it was hopeless to try and reform it; that it would have to be swept away in order that a fresh one might grow up in its place. Certainly the outlook on all sides, in every land, is dark indeed, and mankind seems to be rushing headlong towards the abyss, but I cannot feel that we should take a despairing view of it, for to do so would be to doubt the Masters, who for countless years have formed the "Guardian Wall" that has protected humanity from the most terrible fate. Again and again they have saved it, and their hands can be strengthened to do so again; but we their poor servants must do our share in helping them in their great and wonderful work.

How can we do so? A study of the Convention Reports answers that question, for again and again in them the call has gone out for more chêlas, for men and women who can rise above themselves until they become instruments that the Masters can use, for their work here in the world. We *must* provide them, for if we do not, that work might be gravely endangered, and such a thought is intolerable. The only real obstacles are discouragement and inertia. We may not all be able to become chêlas in this life, although if we had the will we could all accomplish chêlaship, but we can all try,—try with every atom of will, devotion and determination there is in us, try for love of the Masters and in ardent gratitude for all we owe them; and if we ourselves fail, our efforts may carry others over the threshold. Also we can be a centre of contagion for good in the world, not so much by what we do, as by what we are. As we are told in one of the beautiful "Fragments", the little spark in our own heart may become a beam of light that, reaching out, may enlighten the heart of another and kindle a spark in it, until from one to another the whole world becomes aflame.

In spite of all appearances I am convinced that there are many, many men and women who long for the light, who are groping their way towards it, and everyone of us can help them find it, and in so doing help the Masters. So I ardently hope and pray that this Convention may indeed be blest, may be the greatest ever held, and that the outcome of it may be a real increase of recruits for the Lodge, of chêlas filled not only with love and devotion but with knowledge and understanding.

Espoir Bagnell,
President, Norfolk Branch.

To the Secretary T.S.: Throughout this month of April, our thoughts will often turn in the direction of Headquarters, in preparation for Convention, as we think, with much gratitude, of the fact that we are permitted once again to take part, in heart and intention, in the coming Convention, and that the "Powers that be" have permitted it once again to be held while the "lines of communication" remain open, as they have been maintained in unbroken sequence since the foundation of the Society.

As we follow the cyclic processes of Nature, and rejoice in the renewal of life at this time of the year, we can join also in "all Nature's wordless voice" which "ariseth to proclaim—Joy unto ye, O men of Myalba",—at this time when we celebrate the Christian festival of Easter, coinciding (in older times) with the Greek celebration of the Mysteries. Yet we know that in the T.S. Movement, cyclic law has provided that a reverse direction should rule the trend of our policy, at this time. Instead of renewal of outer life, we have the indrawal which belongs to this cycle. I wonder whether, in the last year, there has been further understanding of what the indrawal means, for all of us. We have to guard constantly against the danger of allowing our thought to be coloured by any negative or inert view of the present condition. Patanjali defines that Indrawal as "disengaging the powers from their entanglement in outer things, and their return to the quality of consciousness". Only as we steadfastly practise the detachment which is enjoined on us, even from those outer helps in the Work which have meant so much to us in former times, can we hope to penetrate more deeply into the true meaning of consciousness, and enlarge our experience of the inner realms which await our exploration. We can understand that only the most vigorous, positive and forceful effort will enable us to do this, and to correspond whole-heartedly with the plan of the higher command.

We have to learn to discern the word of command within ourselves, and for this, much stillness is required, and a steadfast determination not to allow anxiety or restlessness to obscure our vision or impede our action.

So, once again at Convention time we greet you, in union with the brotherhood, in the name of the Masters who allow of our assembling.

HOPE BAGNELL,
Secretary, Norfolk Branch.

DENVER, COLORADO.

The Virya Branch sends Greetings to the Convention, and a loving message of appreciation of all the service so unceasingly offered by those who are bearing "the burden and heat of the day".

MARY KENT WALLACE, *Secretary.*
ANNE EVANS, *President.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

To the Members in Convention Assembled: Our delegate, Miss Ruth Husby, will convey our warmest and most heartfelt greetings; and so what we now write should be taken as supporting her, as well as supplementing whatever she may be inspired to say when in the Convention atmosphere.

Recently, whilst looking forward to Convention, and wondering or thinking of what its atmosphere might be like this time, of the great Ones who, in some form or other, we are told, attend every year, who for the most part create its atmosphere; there came vividly to mind, Israel's great Adept of old as he entered, for a similar brief space, the still more rarified atmosphere of the Lodge itself, to receive the instructions from his Master for the freeing of Israel's erstwhile captive people, much as we now may do for the redemption of our own. But, as we know, first of all there came the gentle but imperative reminder, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground", as if in that all-else-excluding moment, Moses had forgotten to do so; again much as we, in the figurative sense, may forget, if in the joy or deep satisfaction of once more coming together, intimately and in person, or no less closely in thought and feeling though situated at a distance, we fail ever so little to remember Those to whom we owe our Conventions, and who again will be there in some form or other, so their life-giving and sustaining, strengthening and inspiring presence may be felt.

Or, it seemed, it may be just their gentle but firm remonstrance, or stern reproof, that many of us will feel,—whatever our short-comings, or mere "personal-self" wants, or our flinching and squirming under the pressure of things at times (our real and immediate need in any case) might call forth in that way. Yet, even this would not matter, however hard it might hit, if only for the time being we can get rid of these our cumbersome "shoes".

With every best wish from us all, while thanking you for your own,

THE PACIFIC BRANCH,
W. H. BOX, *President.*

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: On behalf of the members of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Branch, I have much pleasure in conveying to you our heartiest greetings and good wishes. We were glad to receive the notification that the Convention would be held once again, as in former years, for we feel that it is one more opportunity to receive the Masters' light and guidance, and one more opportunity to express our gratitude and thankfulness. We shall therefore be with you in heart and mind as we gather at our special meeting on this momentous occasion. For who knows what may be the message this time.

It has been said that occultism demands heroism,—of the sort which is totally unaware

of itself, as such, and which is not a momentary flash of excitement, but the inflexible purpose which seizes upon all things as means to the Masters' ends.

Here, surely, is opportunity of the widest scope—something that we can all individually practise and embody. It would seem that as we do this, strength and stability and vision will result. It will be the kind of contribution to the Cause that will ensure a rocklike structure of the Society, a powerful expression of spiritual force, and a definite challenge to the powers of evil in the world.

We need to be positive for good, active for righteousness, that all lower things have neither part nor lot in our make-up; that, in short, we shall be so consumed with love for the Masters and all they stand for, that our whole weight and influence will be placed on their side and at their service. Giving ourselves wholeheartedly in this way, what possibilities do we not provide? As we can stand the pressure which the fulcrum must undergo to be of any service, the Masters' work in the world can be so much more extended and increased.

What then have we done about the clarion call for chêlas during the past year? Has it been unheeded, or has something towards its realization been accomplished? We surely want above all to keep the link unbroken, and this cannot be unless the portals of the inner world are entered. We would therefore pray that on the flood-tide of this Convention, and all the effort that has led up to it, someone may attain, and rejoice the hearts of us all, but particularly those to whom its significance is more fully understood.

E. Howard Lincoln,
President.

Oslo, Norway.

To the Secretary T.S.: We shall surely have our meeting on Convention Day,—and you will have in the enclosed extract of my annual address to the Branch, as well as in the Report sent by our Secretary, a testimony that in soul and heart we are with you.

With sincere thanks, as always, for all the care we receive, and to all who are working for Truth and Righteousness, not in the abstract only, but daily, hourly, and concretely, as we have experienced for so many years in the work of our Headquarters,—we send our greetings, as well as to all members in Convention assembled.

On behalf of the Oslo Branch T.S.,
Henning Dahl, *Chairman.*

South Shields, England.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society Assembled in Convention: The members of the South Shields Branch are with you in spirit and purpose and send you their fraternal greetings. To the editors and writers of the Theosophical Quarterly we offer our sincere thanks for their inspiring articles. May you all receive a blessing from the Lodge of Masters that will radiate through the whole Society and stem the tide of destruction that has been let loose over the world. May we have the strength and courage to live up to the teachings we have received and are receiving daily through the Society, and may we respond to the efforts of the Elder Brothers on our behalf. We are going through a testing period, and we pray that all will survive the crisis that appears to be close upon us, with added strength for the Masters' Cause of Theosophy.

Thomas Mackey,
Secretary.

Toronto, Canada.

Once again Toronto Branch takes pleasure in sending Greetings to their Fellow-Members in Convention assembled and elsewhere throughout the world.

We should like to send special thanks to those who make possible the Quarterly. We wonder if there is another magazine published anywhere that is so beloved as it is.

At times when the immensity of the task undertaken by The Theosophical Society is real-

ized, one is appalled by the thought of the little one is able to do; yet, knowing that it is in human hearts that the work has to come to fruition, it is quite obvious that we can best help by seeing to it that our own hearts respond, and then endeavour to shape our lives so that they may make manifest in some measure, the results for which the Society is working.

For the Toronto Branch,
ALBERT J. HARRIS, *Secretary.*

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA.

To the Secretary T.S.: It is always a privilege to receive a letter from Headquarters; there is in them—without the specific reminder in words—the feeling of a link unbroken between us who are, perhaps, far away, and that Spiritual Centre which I often think of as Home, or Reality,—and to be aware of Reality is certainly of very great importance to humanity to-day.

I am very sorry that I shall not be able to attend Convention,—in person. Surely, I shall be there in spirit and in thought. Even that is to me a great privilege; for the blessings of the spirit will go forth from that Convention to all whose hearts are tuned to the Powers there manifested.

Perhaps some think we should refrain from expressing our sense of appreciation to those who do so much for us on the higher planes of life, and for the blessing of their presence at these Conventions. I do not. If we truly appreciate the work, or the character of any person in life, why should we *not* try to express our gratitude and our love, while we are alive,—before it is too late? And so, I am glad to offer my poor expressions of appreciation to them *now*,—glad, and proud to feel the inspiration of their noble living in these days of severe test, when most of the world seems determined to rush into the bottomless pit of selfishness and materiality.

It would do my heart good to be permitted to meet, face to face there at Convention, those who have so long borne the brunt of the fight for the spiritual awakening of Humanity. Would you very kindly convey to them my love and my heartfelt gratitude.

WM. E. MULLINAX.

The greatest interest was shown by delegates and members in the reading of Letters of Greeting; comment was made, later, that the stillness of the attention given was even more of a tribute than the frequent applause. The letters included, in addition to the foregoing, greetings from Miss Eleanor Evans (England); Miss Anna Fjaestad, President of the Arvika Branch (Sweden); Mr. Joseph Whitney Ganson (New York); Mr. Plinio (Italy); Mr. W. G. Roberts, President of the Middletown Branch (Ohio); Mr. Fred'k A. Ross, President of the Whitley Bay Branch (England); Mr. and Mrs. Schoch (Brazil); Mr. Percy W. Ward, Secretary of the Gateshead Branch (England); telegram from Miss Evans, President, and Miss Wallace, Secretary of the Virya Branch (Colorado); cablegram from Mrs. Bagnell, President, and Miss Bagnell, Secretary of the Norfolk Branch (England); cablegram from the Venezuela Branch of Caracas. Other letters from abroad were read, and most appreciatively received, but are not acknowledged or quoted in the open pages of the QUARTERLY for the reason that unusual conditions in some parts of the world might make this inconsiderate and inexpedient (see the QUARTERLY, July, 1934; page 33).

Whosoever strives hard and grips tight,
The two worlds are illumined by him.

—MUHAMMAD IQBAL.

The Return to Religion, by Henry C. Link, Ph.D.; The Macmillan Co., New York; price, $1.75.

The increasing sale of this book, since its publication a year ago, is one of the cheering signs which we may set against those that sadden us. It has had the best kind of sale, building up, first slowly, then more and more rapidly as its merits became known, till it now appears in all the lists of "best sellers", and has reached a total of over a hundred thousand copies. This is a notable response to any work of sanity and wisdom, and the book is marked by both; but to see the odds against them, in the world to-day, we have only to set these hundred thousand copies against the one million, three hundred thousand of *Gone With the Wind*, sold by the same publisher within the same time.

Dr. Link had been robbed of his religion, as are so many students, by his college and professional training. He returns to it, not because of affection, or because he has become converted to all the doctrines of his own or any other church, but because he cannot escape the logical compulsion of his own scientific findings of its necessity and value. He writes as a practising psychologist (he is the Director of the Psychological Service Centre in New York) who has, in the past twenty years, been called upon to study the life histories, and prescribe for the ailments and maladjustments, of some four thousand men and women. His book, he tells us, is less autobiographical than distilled from the biographies of his patients, and its outstanding lesson is that no discovery of modern science is more important or more sure, than the proof, which all such psychological studies yield, that self-sacrifice and discipline are essential to self-realization and happiness; and that, though other interests often compel the sacrifice of present satisfactions for a more distant goal, "only religion embodies this principle as the major premise of a normal life in all its aspects".

Dr. Link's chapter-headings cover a wide range, from playing bridge and dancing and the bringing up of children, to the achievement of happiness and the abundant life. His observation is keen, and he states his conclusions fearlessly and with vigour. In his chapters, for example, on "Fools of Reason" and "The Vice of Education", he points out that our educational system "has been a glorification of the intellect and a corresponding disintegration of the basic values which make intellect worth having". He finds "no body of evidence in the whole field of psychology that proves any definite growth of char-

acter or personality as a result of higher education in its generally accepted forms" (p. 145). "The liberal mind", the creation upon which modern education chiefly prides itself, is, in fact, probably its "most damaging single aspect", for in most cases, "liberalism", as seen in Dr. Link's analysis, "is the result of an indiscriminate releasing of a person from the traditions and restraints of the past without substituting an adequate set of restraints or ideals for the future". But though Dr. Link does not hesitate to expose fallacy and folly, his book is far from being merely destructive. His concern is always to point out the way to betterment of personal character in all its manifold relationships. We heartily commend the book to our readers. B.

Orpheus and Greek Religion: A Study of the Orphic Movement, by W. K. C. Guthrie; Methuen & Co. Ltd., London; price 10*s*.6*d*.

During the sixth century B.C., the age of Pythagoras, there was a notable renaissance of mysticism and asceticism in the Greek world. In particular, there was a widespread development of certain myths and ritualistic exercises which the ancients defined by the general term, "Orphic". The devotees of Orphism claimed a sort of apostolic descent from the Thracian hero, Orpheus. Their enemies, including Aristotle, branded them as fanatics or charlatans. There is the authority of Philoponus and Cicero for supposing that Aristotle denied the existence of Orpheus and attributed the authorship of the Orphic scriptures to Onomakritos, an *alleged* forger and adventurer of the sixth century. We have italicized the word "alleged", for it is possible that Onomakritos may have had access to a tradition unknown to Aristotle. It is conventional for the hostile critics of a great religious movement to impute its origin to forgery and fortune-seeking. A student of Theosophy, examining what is left of the Orphic poems, and considering the long history of the Orphic cults, can scarcely doubt that they were based upon real spiritual experience. Indeed, the Orphic Mysteries were accepted at their face-value by the Pythagorean and Platonic philosophers from Empedocles to Proclus and Olympiodorus, covering a period of a thousand years. It is also manifest, at least to the present reviewer, that a force of this magnitude could only have been generated through the creative activity of some very great individual. Why should one not identify this man of genius with the Orpheus of Greek legend, the bard and seer and magician, who was slain by the barbarians to whom he had brought an intimation of the divinity latent in man? In this connection, it is interesting to recall that "esoteric tradition identifies him [i.e. Orpheus] with Arjuna, the son of Indra and the disciple of Krishna" (*Theosophical Glossary*, p. 225; also cf. *Five Years of Theosophy*, pp. 266, seq.).

Mr. Guthrie's book does not make light reading, but it is of great value to any serious student of the subject. He is a tireless and painstaking scholar. He has made easily available the epigraphical evidence which had hitherto been known only to specialists in this field. He has also brought together and co-ordinated the direct and indirect references to Orphism in classical

literature. Thus he is able to describe what seem to have been the main outlines of the Orphic doctrine in its exoteric form. There were certain basic myths symbolizing the creative and regenerative powers in the universe and in man. Such was the story of the Divine Son, Dionysos, whose body was torn asunder and devoured by the Titans, the unregenerate children of the Earth. Zeus blasted them with the heavenly fire, and from their ashes were born the races of men who thus commingle in their natures both divine and bestial elements. The celestial spark, the fragment of Dionysos, constitutes the higher self of man, and it is this which is fated to reincarnate in a series of physical bodies until the titanic part of the nature has been altogether purified and transformed. The sacrifice of Dionysos, therefore, atones for the evil and the unwisdom which made that sacrifice necessary at the dawn of the great cycle of manifestation. Incidentally, the martyrdom of Orpheus, the representative of Dionysos, reflects and corresponds to the martyrdom of the god.

Mr. Guthrie seems to be quite free from many preconceptions of the "Golden Bough" school; but in our opinion he fails to solve the real meaning of the Dionysiac myth. It is far from being unique. The Mysteries of Egypt and Greece were based upon the repetition, in many forms, of the same fundamental theme of sacrifice and re-birth. Dionysos is the brother of Osiris, Prometheus, Adonis, Attis, Persephone. His counterparts have existed in India and in Pre-Columbian America. He may be compared to the Logos of St. John's Gospel. But Mr. Guthrie does not see the significance of these analogies and similitudes. He imagines that the Dionysiac myth was in the first instance an invention of barbarians; that it was an effort of the primitive mind to discover some sort of divine precedent for certain orgiastic and bloody rites. Many centuries later, it is assumed, the civilized Greeks appropriated the myth but endowed it with various spiritual connotations which would have bewildered and confounded the savages who had devised it. Mr. Guthrie seems to have been unduly impressed by the overworked hypothesis that civilized religions are "sublimations" of the dreams of savages; that mythology originates as a "rationalization" of totemism and taboo. But there is ample evidence that the savages studied by anthropologists are as far removed from the genuine primitive state as we are. Their societies are almost always extremely complex, often exhibiting symptoms of advanced decadence. Civilization in decay becomes savagery. We need not search history to confirm this truth. It is being illustrated to-day before our very eyes.

The myth of Dionysos may have absorbed many gross and alien elements during hundreds or thousands of years; but anyone who has the least sympathetic understanding of the universal Mystery teaching, can still recognize the noble and sublime essence of the legend. Naturally the form of the Mystery teaching must have varied with times and places. Each race has its specific talents and limitations. Orpheus adapted his genius to the mountaineers of prehistoric Thrace. He was not addressing the sophists of Athens.

In our opinion, the most valuable chapter in this book takes up the question of the relationship between "Orpheus and other Greek Religious Thinkers".

Mr. Guthrie suggests that Anaximander, Heraclitus, Pythagoras, Plato, and other philosophers were deeply influenced by Orphic doctrines. In some instances, their indebtedness is explicitly recognized; but often when there is no direct reference to Orphism, there is a manifest affinity between their thought and the Orphic mythology.

If we understand it correctly, Mr. Guthrie's interpretation of the "myths" of Plato is in accord with the theosophical exegesis of all "true myths".

> In his own work Plato uses myth for two main purposes. In the first place it is his habit to take a myth . . . and use it to support or corroborate his own strict deductions. . . . The second purpose of myth in Plato . . . is to provide some sort of account of regions into which the methods of dialectical reasoning cannot follow. That there are such regions he fully admits. It is a part of his greatness to have confessed that there are certain ultimate truths which it is beyond the powers of human reason to demonstrate scientifically. Yet we know them to be true and have to explain them as best we can. The value of myth is that it provides a way of doing this. We take account of myth not because we believe it to be literally true, but as a means of presenting a possible account of things which we know to exist, but must admit to be too mysterious for exact scientific demonstration. Examples of these mysteries are free will and divine justice, and in speaking of these Plato makes free use of the Orphic myths. His own attitude towards them he makes clear, for example at the end of the myth in the *Phædo* (114*d*): "Now to maintain that these things are just as I said would ill befit a man of common sense; but that either this or something similar is the truth about our souls and their dwelling-places, that (since the soul has been proved to be immortal) does seem to me to be fitting, and I think it is a risk worth taking for the man who thinks as we do." L.

Diversity in Holiness, by R. H. J. Steuart, S.J.; Sheed & Ward, New York, 1937; price, $2.00.

A first glance at the book arrests the attention, for such outstanding figures as Saint Ignatius Loyola, Saint Francis de Sales and Saint Teresa of Lisieux are grouped with a number whose lowly, or retired lives make them almost unknown to the world at large—Brother Lawrence, Saint Benedict Joseph Labre, Saint Bernadette Soubirous.

This unusual selection is coupled with a no less unusual treatment. It is a biography of twelve saintly people, but with the facts of external life reduced to the barest essentials, and the emphasis given entirely to the inner life,—the particular way in which each of the twelve saw the light, and the wholly diverse ways in which each expressed it in his life. As the title indicates, it is their diversity for which they are chosen. Of each of the twelve lives it can be said, "It is the same journey to the same City, but with a new map to travel by."

Sympathy and understanding characterize the book, together with vigour and directness, and an atmosphere as of a room well aired and sunned. The presentation of St. Benedict Joseph Labre is indicative. Instead of a wealth of details, morbid and often repellent, about the austerities of the saint, so few external facts are given that the reader unacquainted with that life is, in part, left guessing. The author's comment, in essence, is:

> The life of one who without compromise or any sort of reckoning with the opinion,

experience, or example of anyone, puts into literal practice one of the fundamental principles of the Christian teaching. Such a life gives a shock to our complacency, it comes as a splash of chilly reality upon the warm comfort of our spiritual adjustments, it breaks like a raucous shout into the harmonies to which we have tuned the claims of the spirit and the flesh. . . . He is not proposed to us for our literal imitation—the poverty of Christ Himself, who had not where to lay His head, touched no such depths as his. His relation to the level of Christian practice on which we may, and should, follow Christ to perfection, is somewhat as that of pure virgin gold to the same precious metal made practicable for use.

The author himself sees holiness as greatly desirable, compellingly attractive, and his purpose is to show it in that light to his readers. Furthermore, "Holiness really means no more than a task which God has laid upon us all and which, therefore, all of us have to attempt. . . . The saint is nothing more exceptional than a 'whole man'—what our Lord commanded us all to be."

The love of God, which to many seems so remote and puzzling a thing, is really the truest expression of ourselves: we are not "whole" until the whole of our love is given to Him: our affections are missing their aim until they find Him. Hence, to be filled with the love of God is not to induce upon ourselves something out of the natural order, but to restore to us the true bent of our nature: not to form us into something that we are not, but to re-form us into something that we really are but from which, unhappily, we have become distorted.

Where a life is characterized by extreme simplicity (as with some of the lesser saints), or by totally uninspiring surroundings, he sees it as bringing holiness closer home to us, placing it more nearly within the reach of the average man.

Since Christ made His own the ordinary life of man, and for thirty years of His life showed Himself to be the Beloved Son of His Father by no greater thing than fidelity to the duties of ordinary human life, there is no excuse left us for lamenting our lack of opportunity. . . . To serve God truly does not mean to try to be someone else than ourselves, nor even to be ourselves but in other circumstances than those that we have, but to aim at being the best that we can be as and where we are.

As suggested already, the value of the book lies as much in the author's interpretation as in the biographical material. Many passages could be quoted to advantage, but one more will suffice, giving the author's comment on the Abbé Huvelin's spiritual joy in the midst of suffering:

Christ has said that if we come to Him—are one with Him—our burden will be light and our yoke sweet: they will not cease to be a burden and a yoke, and our poor nature will still suffer grievously under them, but our oneness with Him will lift us into a world of new values in which the most inveterate contradictories are reconciled, lightness with heaviness, sweetness with bitterness, sorrow with joy. We shall learn there that grace is not an anæsthetic, quite the contrary, but that it not only gives a strength which enables us to do and to suffer what is difficult and painful, but transmutes such difficulty and such pain into what, for want of a better word, we must call their opposites. It is, as it were, our participation in the mystery of the Incarnation—the infinite bliss of God, and all the sorrows of man, in the one God-man.

J. C.

Reading the same book, we were especially impressed by the author's introduc-

tion to the life of the Curé d' Ars. This of his statements first: "God is the truth in all that is true, the beauty in all that is beautiful, the goodness in all that is good"; then the inevitable corollary: "Art for art's sake, or wisdom for wisdom's sake, are no less delusive as ideals than those which the coarsest sensualist sets before himself; for art and knowledge and all that in our different ways we apprehend as good, are so for Christ's sake, or they are false goods." Oriental students of Theosophy may prefer to put the name of Krishna or of Buddha, or the more abstract idea of the Atman, in the place of Christ; but the principle remains the same, and it is a principle which, with few exceptions, the world has never accepted. "It will, no doubt, sound over-exacting to some if one says that the test of all excellence in all domains of human achievement is whether it 'shows Christ' or does not; but what escape is there from that conclusion? For there are two camps only, Christ's and Antichrist's, and, as between the two, neutrality is impossible. . . . Again and again, if we are to be loyal to that call, we shall have to set our teeth and say, 'It is *not* true, it is *not* beautiful, it is *not* good, because it is not Christ'. Christianity is of its very nature challenging and intransigent. . . ."

What is true of Christianity is true of any religion that is treated seriously, and not as a mere ornament. Students of Theosophy, translating the author's realization into any language or terminology that will suit themselves and their hearers, should make it part of their mission to act upon, and then to promulgate, the same eternal principle of thought and conduct. N.

Mathematics for the Million, by Lancelot Hogben, F.R.S.; W. W. Norton & Co., New York; price, $3.75.

This book has been enthusiastically commended by H. G. Wells, Julian Huxley, and Bertrand Russell. Those who like these propagandists may like the book. It bears to mathematics the same relation that Mr. Wells's *Outline of History* bore to history, that is, approximately nine parts of Mr. Wells to one part of history. Dr. Hogben has been similarly successful in prostituting a noble subject to the propagation of his materialistic and envenomed social philosophy. The book is clever, popular and thoroughly poisonous. B.

Pascal: The Life of Genius, by Morris Bishop; Reynal and Hitchcock, New York, 1936; price, $3.50.

Unlike some of his contemporaries, Mr. Bishop does not try to "debunk" one more great figure of the past. His attitude towards his hero is sympathetic and respectful. The opening words of the first chapter sound the keynote of this admirable book.

Blaise Pascal was, simply, one of the greatest men that have ever lived. Having made the discovery of mathematics at the age of twelve, at sixteen he wrote a treatise on conic sections which is the herald of modern projective geometry. At nineteen he in-

vented, constructed, and offered for sale the first calculating machine. He gave Pascal's law to physics, proved the existence of the vacuum, and helped to establish the science of hydrodynamics. He created the mathematical theory of probability, in a discussion of the division of gamblers' stakes. His speculations were important in the early development of the infinitesimal calculus. After a night of religious revelation, when he was but thirty-one, he abandoned science, returning to it only to solve, as a diversion from the toothache, the problems of the cycloid. Espousing the religious principles of the Jansenists, he wrote in their defence, the *Lettres provinciales*, a controversial weapon which has not yet lost its edge. His prose style, novel in its strong simplicity, determined the shape and character of the French literary language. He devised a new method of teaching reading. . . . In the lucid moments of cruel illness, he wrote his *Pensées*, in preparation for an apology for Christianity, thoughts which have affected the mental cast of three centuries, thoughts which still stir and work and grow in modern minds. He died at 39. . . . Here is the mind of genius, one of the authentic geniuses in human records.

Mr. Bishop has made a careful study of the *grand siècle*, the great century during which Pascal and so many other men of genius appeared in France. But it is his object to prove that Pascal's greatness passed beyond the boundaries of time and space. For instance, he is able to demonstrate that Pascal's struggle against the Jesuits was an episode in a warfare which is as old as civilization, and which continues unabated to-day. The man who "takes thought", and who insists upon uncompromising obedience to principle, can never live at peace with the time-server and the politician. Pascal was, first and foremost, a passionate devotee of truth and righteousness. His chief defect, as Mr. Bishop suggests, was his pride, his *libido excellendi*. He had little patience with folly and stupidity. Like Epictetus whom he so deeply admired, he did not make sufficient allowance for the "dreamlike feebleness which fetters the blind race of mortals". One may recognize that his enemies, the Jesuits, had a certain pity for the weak and sinful, a certain tolerance and gentleness which Pascal and his associates at Port-Royal lacked. But it is stimulating and inspiring to recall the existence of a man who affirmed without equivocation that truth is superior to falsehood and can be distinguished from it. The relatively high civilization of the seventeenth century is indicated by the fact that Pascal's works became almost immediately "best sellers". One wonders whether in the twentieth century he could easily find a publisher.

It is regrettable, in our opinion, that in one passage Mr. Bishop utilizes the pseudo-science of psycho-analysis in an attempt to explain Pascal's contempt for human passions. He admits that he is dragging in an hypothesis, and takes the precaution of quoting Pascal's own warning: "To make an hypothesis an evident truth, it is not enough that all the phenomena should follow."

Doubtless, every animal instinct can be transformed or "sublimated" into its spiritual counterpart; but this transmutation is most adequately explained as the normal effect of the triumph of spirit over matter. The soul incarnating in the body can and should change the nature of the body. Such is in essence the doctrine of divine grace which was taught by Pascal and which is so clearly explained by Mr. Bishop. S.V.L.

Damien The Leper, by John Farrow; Sheed & Ward, New York, 1937; price, $2.00.

Mr. Farrow's book contains nothing which may not be found in other books about Father Damien, but it is written with great understanding of, and reverence for, the heroic priest. Surely, one cannot read the story of his life too often. Father Damien went voluntarily to the leper colony of Molokai, in the early days, and was the first person to work for the betterment, physical and spiritual, of these hopeless outcasts. As a result of his efforts, carried on alone for many years, under conditions almost too horrible for description, the state of lepers over the whole world has been radically changed. Everyone interested in "good works" should read the story of Father Damien. They will learn from it that the silent, unremitting charity and sacrifice of one individual, practically unknown and unassisted, without influence or money, can produce an effect upon the history of civilization, and accomplish reforms beyond the dreams of the political social-worker, although he may be provided with billions and with official backing. The body of Father Damien has been taken back to Belgium to be honoured by his native country. The Catholic Church, as a first stage in his canonization, has declared him "Blessed". He sought no such recognition or honour, and would, doubtless, be very embarrassed by them.

The Hawaiian lepers were fond of music, and Father Damien formed an orchestra and a chorus of singers. They composed some songs in their language, one of which Mr. Farrow quotes:

> When, oh when shall it be given to me
> To behold my God?
> When,
> Oh, When shall the captivity of my wretched soul
> Cease in this strange land where, night and day,
> Weeping,
> Weeping alone is my portion;
> When, oh when shall I leave this valley of sorrow,
> Where the only bread I eat is my continual tears?
> When, oh when shall I see my well-beloved Lord?
> Prince of the Heavens is he,
> Guardian of my soul, my Hope, my Saviour,
> My All. . . .

St.C. LaD.

Preserve proportion in your reading. Keep your view of men and things extensive.—THOMAS ARNOLD.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 403.—*At Convention it was said that, if the spiritual world were for us a reality, life for us would be full of romance, poetry and wonder, and that if it is not, it is our own fault. Much as I should like to do so, I do not see romance in my life. How can I begin?*

ANSWER.—What motive do we carry into our daily life and living? Is success in all the outer activities in which we are engaged, an end in itself, or a means to an end? Do we care whether or not actual success comes, as long as we do our part with all that is in us, and with the right motive? Do we know, in fact, whether our effort has been successful or not? Can we see far enough ahead, can we take sufficiently long views, to be able to tell where the result of our effort is going to fit in, where it may contribute to some far-seen result towards which the Lodge has been working?

With what are we identifying ourselves? With the objectives of our own narrow-seeing and with the interpretations of our own slow hearts? Or with the gallantry and bravery of the Lodge, with its daring and its far-flung vision, with the wonder of its compassion and its love? C.R.A.

ANSWER.—There are many ways of beginning to extract romance from life. One of these is by deciding what form of romance we covet:—whether it be such imaginative power as transformed Cinderella's pumpkin into the coach which carried her to the Prince, such loyalty as Roland's in serving his King, or such day-by-day tenacity of purpose as transported Columbus to a New World. Then, with retrospective study of our lives, we can determine which type of romance actually has been present at any given time. By compulsion of the will and love of the Immortal we can set ourselves to recapture the romance, but at a higher point on the spiral, a point where we find it transmuted into spiritual reality. The very door of heaven is wide open before us. It is indeed our own fault if its romance, poetry and wonder do not fill our lives. G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—Romance is of the soul, which means, among other things, that it is dependent upon one's purpose and motive. What is your purpose in life, and what the motive back of what you do? There is no romance in working for oneself. There may be infinite romance in the dullest work, if it be done from love and offered to one's Master for his cause, to bring nearer the coming of Adept kings on earth. It is romance to give oneself absolutely to a cause that can command and is worthy of the uttermost devotion of our hearts. It is to such a cause that the Masters call all who will listen, and there is no one, no matter what the circumstances of his life, who cannot aid in their battle against darkness and evil. Every man who fights against the evil in his own heart and in the world around him, who stands for principle against expediency or self-indulgence, strikes a blow in that battle, and there is no one who is not called upon to do that.

What do you think of as romance? To find it, use your imagination to see the truth beneath its outer, commonplace appearance. See yourself as what you are, the soul, incarnated to reconquer its heritage, that it may be devoted to the service of its exiled King. See yourself,

the soul, with an infinite past, rich in experience and adventure, seeking to recover the knowledge of itself and of its goal, seeking, like Columbus, to find a new world, the spiritual world, its age-old home, and to find again its friends of ancient days and comrades of many wars. Think of romance as it has been seen on earth, and then ask yourself whether that is not only a pale reflection of the actual, living romance of the soul. J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—It may not be possible to perceive the romance and poetry of events in which one takes part while they are taking place; the pressure may be too great. At the time, one may be conscious only of struggle or combat. The mountain climber is often wholly occupied with the difficulty and the peril of his undertaking, until finally he reaches the summit. Then he is exhilarated, joyous. He realizes the poetry and romance of his achievement. So with us and our day. If we regard it, not as an opportunity for personal enjoyment, or as a threat of boredom, but as a field for self-conquest and for service, if we try to dedicate it to the Soul, we shall be moving in the right direction, and shall soon have at least an inkling of the poetry, romance and wonder of the spiritual world. C.M.S.

ANSWER.—Three men looked at a sunset. One said: "Hurry up; I want my supper." Another said: "Gorgeous; quite worth painting." The third said nothing, but for him the soft clouds were the shadows of angels' wings, the glory and the radiance were the far-flung splendour of his Master's heart,—all of it a veil between himself and the Promised Land, a veil which he tried to pierce, that he might leave his own heart where he wanted it to be. And, though he said nothing, he thought much: If earth can display such beauty, what of the beauty which this reflects!

So they returned to their homes, the third man to a tired woman and to peevish children; but, as he met them, he felt their need, and rejoiced that he had brought power from behind the sunset to see them as souls, and to lift them, if only a very little way, toward the peace of a better world. X.Y.Z.

ANSWER.—Romance? Look at your life again; look beneath its surface. There is your partner; you cut his throat once, centuries ago, because you thought he had swindled you, when in fact he had not. And now you blame him for being suspicious! There is the girl who will not have you: you did have her once, in the distant past, and she betrayed you. May it not be that, having half repented then of her betrayal, her instinct tells her she would betray you again,—and that, instead of weeping, you should sing and be thankful? You have a younger brother and sister, whose mutual dislike makes your life miserable. Well, in Egypt, when they were not brother and sister, you arranged a marriage between them, for your own good reasons; and then *they* were miserable. Would you wash your hands of it so soon?

You do not call this "romance"? But at least your life is not common-place: it is drama, as all life is. You insist upon romance! Then what of this? There was once a great Master whom you thought you loved. When the hour of his trial came, you fled from him, and, for fear of scornful faces, hid in a cellar. He was killed,—but is still alive, and from that day to this has sought you, offering you *his* love, labouring ceaselessly to save you from yourself, while, life after life, as then, you have fled him, "down the nights and down the days . . . down the arches of the years", though he, "with unhurrying chase, and unperturbèd pace", still pursues: "Lo, all things fly thee, for thou flyest Me! . . . clasp My hand, and come!" Is there not wonder in that?

You say this is tragedy, not romance; but, even so, you can transform it into romance this minute by swiftly turning and running to him,—you, the insignificant, the less than nothing, thus crowning that Great One with victory,—re-affirming his victory daily by your quiet, determined efforts to do all things for love of Him.

Nothing has ever happened to you that was not an opportunity, was not part of *his* plan to raise you from the dust to the level of the Sons of God. Look at your life afresh: is there no romance in it? Is it not *all* romance? T.R.S.